Saturday Review

MARCH 5, 1960 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE MOON THAT REFUSED TO BE ECLIPSED

A Special Report on What Is Really Happening in Space

By John Lear

THE CASE OF THE WAYWARD WORDS

By Warren Weaver

Dr. John Hagen, Vanguard Project chief, whose "failure" satellite has become a scientific triumph.

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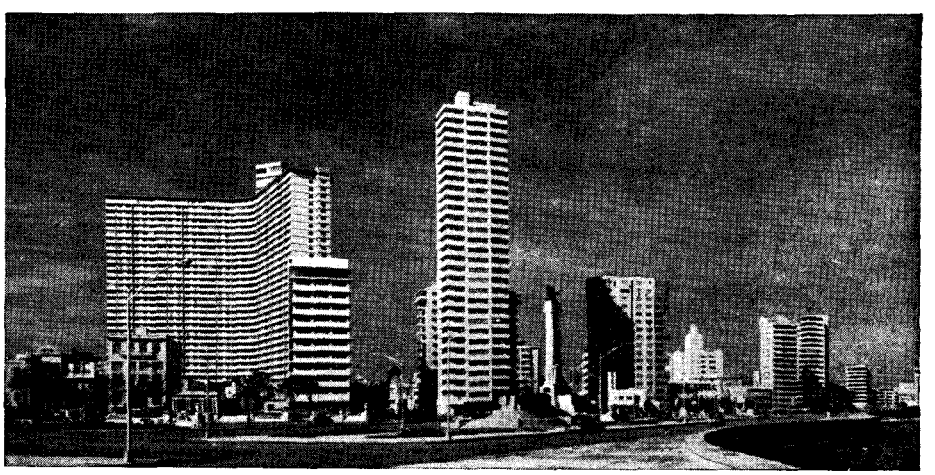

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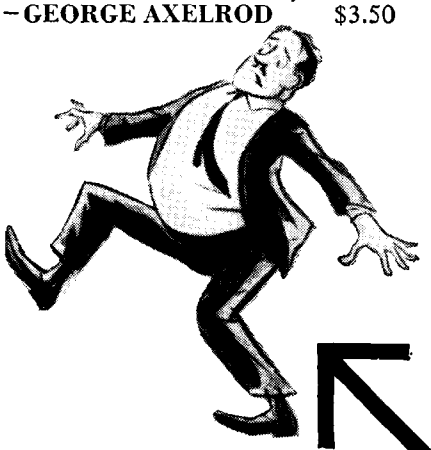

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Saturday Review

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

GENERALLY SPEAKING—which the generals certainly have been doing—February was not only a short month but also a short-tempered one. In sharp contrast to Jack Paar, President Eisenhower first blew up at a press conference and then took to TV. Meanwhile, the generals sat down—presumably to mind their own missiles. One thing was certain. For a military man, the President has, ever since the Army-McCarthy hearings, had more trouble with the Military than any other President since—well, since Harry Truman. And we're still waiting for Nixon, Johnson, Kennedy, or *someone* to come up with the obvious solution—one which Eisenhower himself has long favored in his quiet way—the unification of the services. Like, for example, the way they're doing it at the Olympics. All told, they have 500 Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine personnel. "We tried," said an official, "but we just couldn't find anything for the Coast Guard to do."

• • •

At a New York dinner at Oscar Hammerstein's house for New Jersey's Governor Meyner, all the guests were asked to give their opinion of the kind of sounds the next President should make. We liked best the comment of Agnes deMille. "I would like something more," she said, "than a man who says he's for motherhood and the Grand Canyon." Meanwhile, up in Exeter, New Hampshire, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, stumping for *her* candidate, told an audience at Keene Teachers College, "I have come to tell you about my son, Jack, and his qualifications for the Presidency." That's not motherhood, for heaven's sake—that's motherola.

• • •

At long last—although it didn't last long—we know what Jack Paar really *doesn't* like. For a few moments there, he looked to us like any other man going through change of network. But then, in a twinkling, we realized the issue was bigger than any of us—or at least bigger than any of us since Godfrey. And we couldn't get over a sneaking wish—probably just a little old Boston thought—that the issue of free speech could be made over a little less expensive time—or, for that matter, a little smaller head. Obviously, it's impossible to write any more on this subject; the only thing anyone can do is to pick the best of what has already been written. And, on that score, our award of the month went to one of our very favorites, Miss Harriet Van Horne. "All the Jack Paar show needed to restore a sense of balance and proportion last night," she wrote, "was a brief word from Eva Marie Saint." Miss Van Horne also said that Jack was now "immured." "It might be a good idea," she added, "if he stayed there a while. We all need a rest."

• • •

Somehow, way down on the bottom of the page the day the earth-shaking news came about Jack Paar, we did manage to note that France had joined the Nuclear Club. Well, that's what happens when you let the bars down. You take in one country, and the next thing you know they bring their friends. And you end up, of course, with no society at all, just a society for the prevention of any future society.

• • •

Money may still be tight, but the fact remains that Cary Grant went to Hong Kong to buy a suit—Jack Paar even claimed that gag, although Cary had beaten him by almost a month—and General Electric managed to scrape up, for Leland Hayward's "Fabulous Fifties," the sum of $750,000. Somehow we think that a show like Burton Benjamin's "Twentieth Century" does a good deal more with not only a good deal less, but exactly one-twentieth of it—particularly "Turn of the Century" on February 28.

• • •

This was a short month, as we have said, so this will be a short column. It is, however, leap year, although the very idea of a leap year seems for modern dating—well, dated. Nowadays what is really needed is a leap year for the boys—sort of a return to the good old days when the boys asked the girls out. Today, of course, they don't have to. In play after play, movie after movie, and book after book, the girl is the boy and the boy is the girl. And, when you get into the more practical realms, such as dancing school, parties, etc., the girls not only have to ask the boys but pay for them too. Later—say, at age seventeen or so, when everybody gets married—come the hard, cruel facts of wife. And these, of course, the boy naturally resents. It just doesn't seem to him fair—to have to ask *his* parents for money as well as *hers*.

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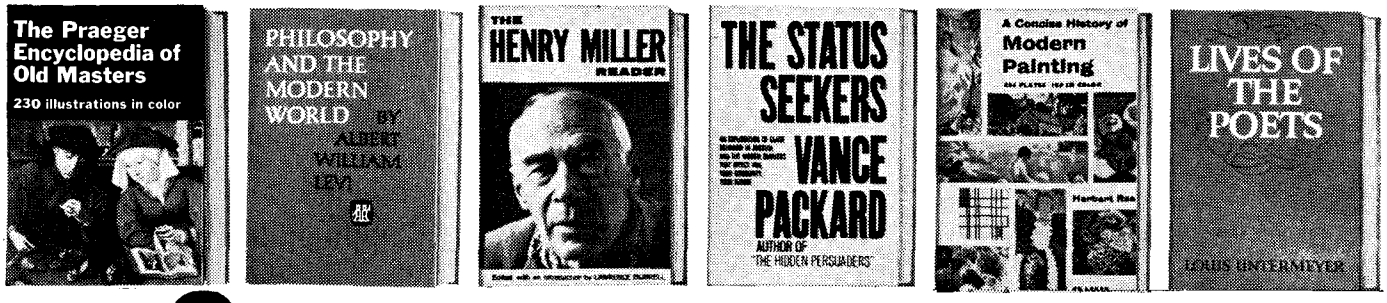
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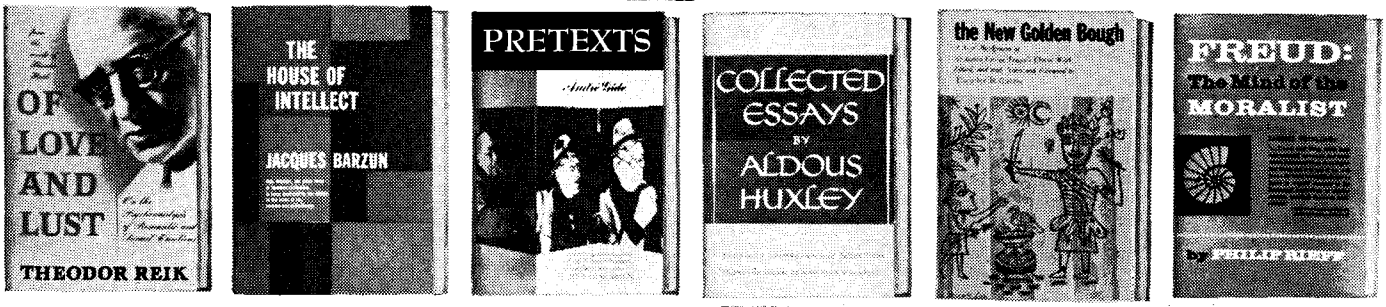

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IN RINEHART's "The Father: Letters to Sons and Daughters," due March 28, Evan Jones has collected about 100 letters, short and long, which various fathers have written to their children over the last couple of thousand years. They are just what you'd expect if someone did such a thing. I mean, some are a lot better than others. Sometimes the editor makes it clear what the letter meant, and sometimes you might wonder whether the son or daughter managed to plow through to the end. Some are amusing, some are not. Well, if you want to see what fathers wrote, this is the book. One letter I am glad was preserved is that written by Robert G. Ingersoll to his daughter on her thirty-fourth birthday.

"Dear Eva," he wrote. "Thirty-four years of unbroken kindness, of cloudless sunshine, of perpetual joy, of constant love. Thirty-four years of happy smiles, of loving looks, of gentle words, of generous deeds. Thirty-four years of perfect days—perfect as the heart of June. Thirty-four years, a flower, a palm, a star; a faultless child, a perfect woman, wife, and mother."

IT SEEMS THAT a few years ago the Polish and Russian writers got the idea that things were relaxing, and that they could sort of criticize the regime, and all that. For example, a fellow wrote a book, "Not By Bread Alone" (he was Russian), and poets began spouting stuff like:

> It is worse by far to mistake in haste
> A friend for an enemy than an enemy for a friend.

Well, what with the Russian writers and Polish poets going along like this, Mr. Khrushchev was alerted. You know how this kind of *wild talk* upsets the Kremlin. And there was that Hungary business, just recently, too. So Khrushchev had a garden party for the writers of Moscow in May, 1957, where he made a little speech which made it clear that the Party came first, the Arts afterwards.

He said that the Hungarian trouble could have been averted if someone had shot a few of the writers there at the very beginning. Should a similar occasion arise in the Soviet Union, he declared, "My hand would not tremble." He then criticized a poet named Margaret Aliger.

Well, it seems that Margaret Aliger was present at this garden party. She fainted and had to be carried out. But there has been no trouble with the poets or writers since. I found all this out in a fascinating new Penguin book called "Khrushchev's Russia," by Edward Crankshaw.

WHENEVER ANYONE asks Doubleday's lecturing author, Robert St. John, why he wears a beard, he gives his stock reply, "I do a lot of traveling, and the beard makes me easy to spot at railroad stations."

Two weeks ago he arrived in Montreal for a lecture, but he got off the train along with about forty Orthodox rabbis, each complete with beard. The lady who was to meet him milled about among all these people asking, "Is Mr. St. John here?" until she became frantic. And so did they. Finally the rabbis left the depot, and there was one fellow remaining with a beard: Robert St. John.

I have a feeling that if most of us wore beards, Robert St. John would go about clean shaven. Then he would be so easy to spot at railroad stations.

IN HIS "Literature and Western Man" (Harper), to be published March 24, J. B. Priestley comments on authors. Here's what he says about William Faulkner:

"Faulkner's style, which has the pell-mell richness of genius, pouring out in an unchecked flood of language, would gain enormously if there had been talent to work on it, civilizing it. When a writer is overmastered and swept along by unconscious elements, he achieves power and intensity, as Faulkner does, but without great conscious discipline his work will be unequal, tasteless, without proportion, any steady vision, as Faulkner's is. . . ."

In another place Priestley says Walt Whitman "wrote a good deal of pretentious rubbish, using a vocabulary that might have been borrowed from an illiterate headwaiter . . . nevertheless he is a supremely original and genuinely great poet. . . ."

And as for Sherwood Anderson, "he was a confused man, nearly always in a state of mind better expressed in poetry than in prose fiction. . . . He is not really a novelist, though capable of sketching a character, a situation, in pleasant prose, but a kind of folk-poet who has tried a lot of jobs and has looked at Freud."

FORTY YEARS AGO Mildred Smith wrote her mother, "I like this job. The only trouble is that it's temporary." That was in February, 1920, and the young Wellesley graduate had just started out as assistant to Frederic G. Melcher, then co-editor (with the late R. R. Bowker) of *Publishers' Weekly*.

Of course, I wouldn't be starting out this way if the job had actually been temporary. Miss Smith is now editor-in-chief of *PW*, and next week on her birthday, March 9, the board of directors of R. R. Bowker Company and a few other old-timers from the firm will tender her a quiet little celebration at the Harvard Club, after the day's work is done.

A FORTHCOMING BOOK I expect to enjoy is "The People's Choice," by W. Burlie Brown, associate professor of history at Tulane University. LSU Press will publish it on April 10. The author found that this year, with four books about Kennedy, three about Rockefeller, two about Nixon, and one each about Symington and Humphrey, is not unusual. There have been hundreds of campaign biographies, and no man since James Monroe has been elected President without having been the subject of a campaign biography. Professor Brown read them all.

Most campaign biographers have been newspapermen, but not all of them. Some who wrote were Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Kenneth Roberts, and Emil Ludwig. Ludwig took up Roosevelt, who himself wrote a book about Alfred E. Smith in 1928.

In his witty book, Brown traces the evolution of such books from 1824 to the present. All of them vigorously deny partisanship, claiming to be objective. Lately the trick has been to sprinkle in a few unfavorable comments, to add

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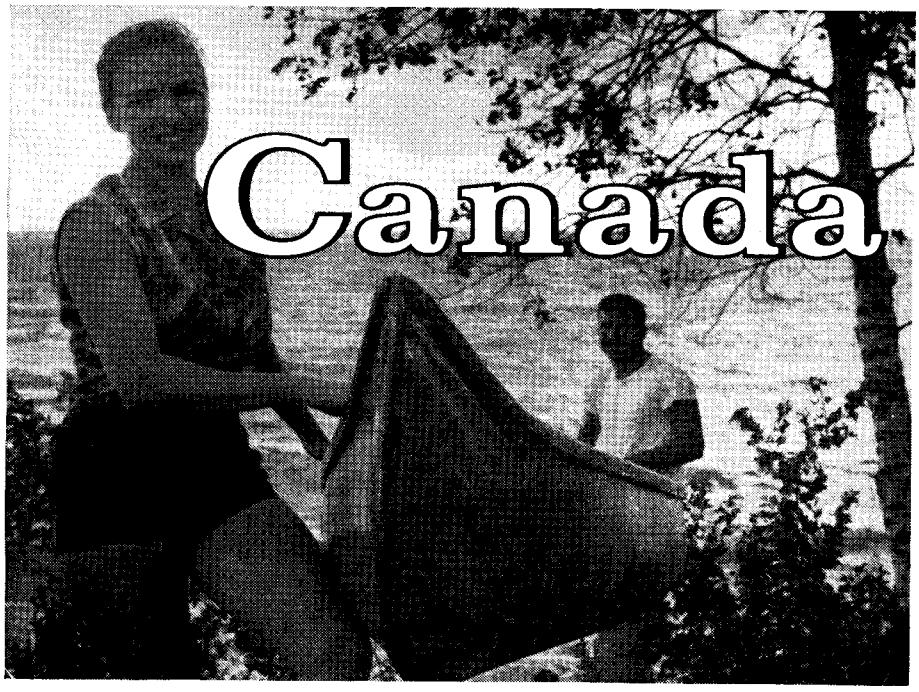

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subtle emphasis to the preponderance of favorable statements. According to the author's study of these biographies, the Presidential candidate's background ideally includes the following:

1. Spotless ancestry, preferably featuring descendants who just missed the *Mayflower*.

2. A happy childhood in a poor but honest family where the candidate had to fare for himself from an early age (if the candidate is unfortunate enough to come from a wealthy family it must be emphasized that he was never a spoiled child and that he early expressed a determination to make his own way in the world).

3. A glorious period as citizen-soldier, in which the candidate promptly answered the call to arms at his country's moment of peril.

4. Innocent apprenticeship in the evil world of politics, usually at the insistence of the public.

5. Homey, fireside qualities that endear him to his family and friends.

6. The candidate is, of course, deeply religious, but he does not feel that his particular faith is necessarily better than any of the others.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Jessica Fredricks says that when she was running the music department of the San Francisco Library someone came in and asked for Beethoven's Moonshine Sonata.

► Arnold Gingrich, publisher of *Esquire*, has found that one cannot obtain Brunswick Stew in Brunswick, Cornish Hen in Cornwall, French Toast in France, Eggs Florentine in Florence, London Broil in London, or Hamburger in Hamburg.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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54511 GIAN-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO: Fantasie di Ogni Giorno. VITTORIO RIETI: Introduzione e Gioco Delle Ore. ERNST BACON: The Enchanted Island.

561 HILDING ROSENBERG: Louisville Concerto. CHOU WEN-CHUNG: And the Fallen Petals. CAMARGO GUARNIERI: Suite IV Centenario.

562 ALEXANDRE TANSMAN: Capriccio. FELIX BOROWSKI: The Mirror. INGOLF DAHL: The Tower of St. Barbara.

563 ERNST KRENEK: Eleven Transparencies. ROBERTO CAAMANO: Magnificat, Op. 20. Choir of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

564 GEORGE ANTHEIL: Opera: "The Wish." Moritz Bomhard, Director.

565 JUAN ORREGO-SALAS: Serenata Concertante, Op. 42. HAROLD SHAPERO: Credo for Orchestra. ROBERT MUCZYNSKI: Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra. (Robert Muczynski, Pianist).

566 HENK BADINGS: The Louisville Symphony. BEN WEBER: Prelude and Passacaglia. LEO SOWERBY: All on a Summer's Day.

572 ANDRE JOLIVET: Suite Transoceane. JOHN VINCENT: Symphony in D.

573 ROLF LIEBERMANN: Opera: "School for Wives." Moritz Bomhard, Director.

574 ROGER SESSIONS: "Idyll of Theocritus" for Soprano and Orchestra (Audrey Nossaman, Soprano).

575 NED ROREM: Design for Orchestra. BERNARD REICHEL: Suite Symphonique.

576 EDMUND RUBBRA: Improvisation for Violin and Orchestra (Sidney Harth, Violinist). IRVING FINE: Serious Song: A Lament for String Orchestra. HAROLD MORRIS: Passacaglia, Adagio and Finale.

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586 WALTER PISTON: Serenata. DAVID VAN VACTOR: Fantasia, Chaconne and Allegro. NIELS VIGGO BENTZON: Pezzi Sinfonici, Opus 109.

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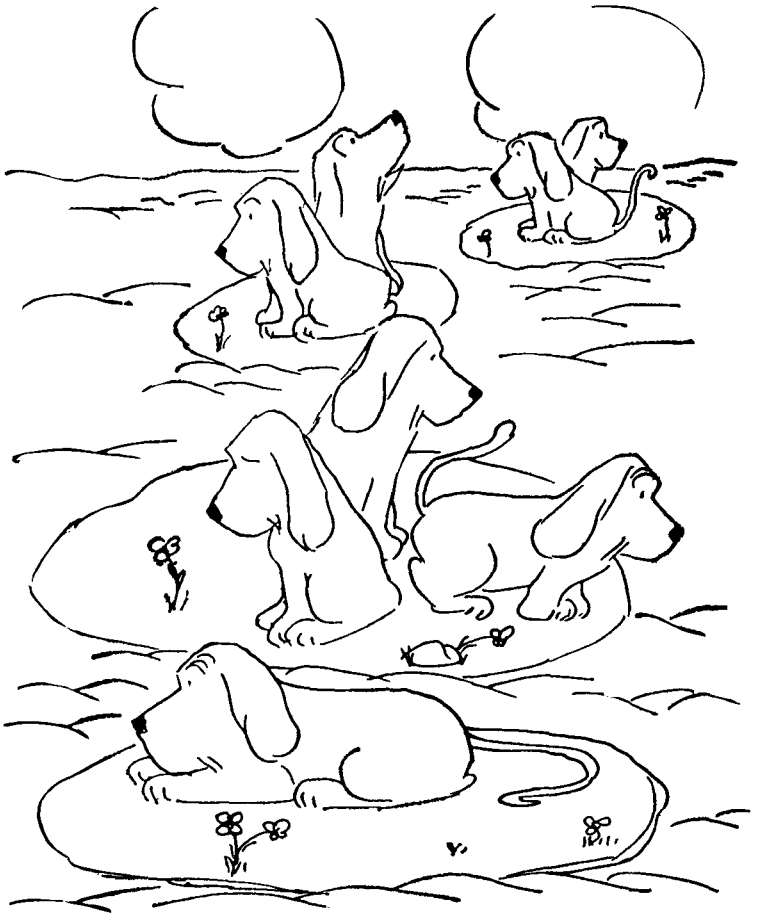
Saturday Review
MARCH 5, 1960

The Case of the Wayward Words

By WARREN WEAVER



CANARY*

WORDS CAN BE wild and elusive. Some go galloping off in unexpected directions. Others stand when they should be seated. The artist with words is the man who can tame them, who can conquer their whims and variabilities and make them behave as they should.

For the past forty years I have been building a cage large enough to hold some of the more difficult and tricky words. I have tried to divide this cage into sections. One section, for example, is for those words that have two opposite meanings. *Fast* is one such word. It obviously means in rapid motion; but it can also mean motionless, as when a ship is tied fast to a dock. Similarly, *dispose of* means to get rid of; but it can also mean to have the use of.

For those who have the collector's instincts, but who lack the resources to acquire modern art or medieval manuscripts, there's nothing like a gallery that displays the wonders of words. The storage of such a collection requires only a notebook or two. The costs are nothing, possession is rewarding, and the search (often the most important aspect of collecting) is fascinating and endless.

My cageful of words has several compartments. One of the most interesting contains those words which, like *fast* and *dispose of*, have two opposite meanings. Another example is *appropriate*, which means to take exclusive possession of, but which can also mean to give over to another person or group for their own use. And the little word *let*, which means to permit, can also mean to prevent ("without let or hindrance").

In the same category, there are similar examples in which the contrast of meaning—often the contrast of implied meaning—is more general in character. For example *scan* means to read hastily and also to examine carefully. The *drift* of an argument is the general direction of the argument; but when a conversation *drifts*, it has no general direction.

There are still other examples of two entirely distinct words, with separate etymologies, which happen to be spelled and pronounced exactly alike, so that they appear to be one word with two contradictory meanings. Thus the intransitive verb *cleave*, meaning to unite, to adhere, to cling to, is in fact not the same word as the transitive *cleave*, which means to separate or split apart. Then there are examples from other languages, such as the Latin *altus*, which means either high or deep. The French language contributes *hôte*, which means both host and guest; *sauvage*, which means shy and timid, but which also means savage, brutal, and fierce; and *souple*, which means flexible and yielding, but also means tough. The word *bota* in Portuguese can mean to guard in the sense of protect or keep safe, but in Spanish it means to throw out.

Even the simple word *hold* belongs in this list. For when one says, "We cannot hold this meeting until you return," one may be speaking either of continuing the meeting in session, or of postponing the meeting. And as a final, somewhat strained example, note that a student is *booted out* of an American university; but at the Ecole Poly-

*A key to James Thurber's illustrations appears on page 14.

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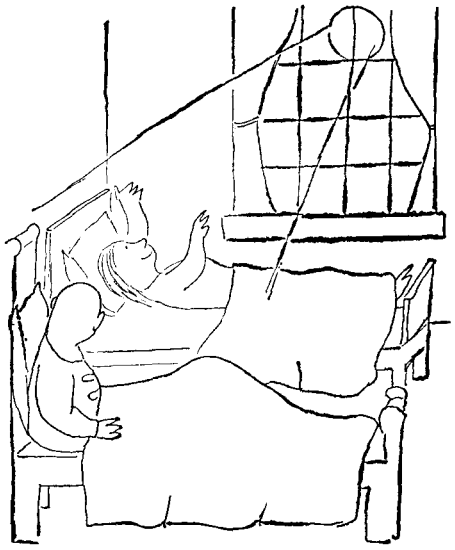

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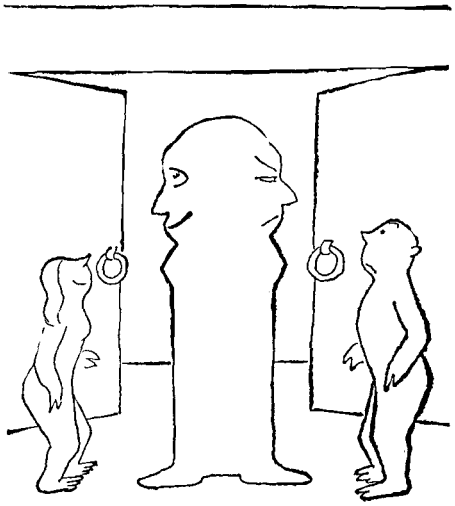

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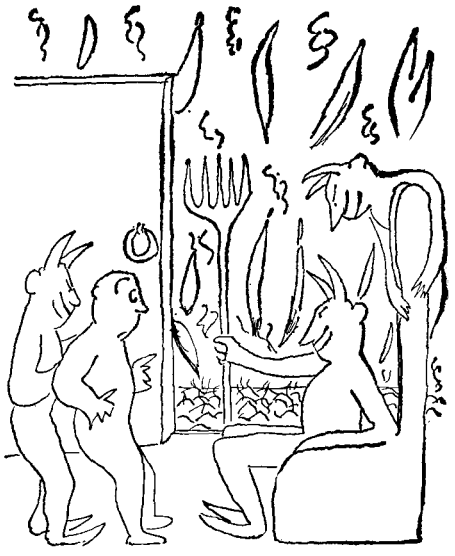

PANDEMONIUM

technique, the top six men in the class leave "à la botte."

A second and closely associated category contains pairs of opposite words with the same meaning. A *blunt* remark is often equivalent to a sharp or pointed remark. One fills *in* a form; but also fills *out* a form. When one is *highly* interested, he is also *deeply* interested. And a *red hot Mamma* can, I have been told, be referred to as *real cool*, man, *real cool*.

In many cases, apparent contenders for inclusion in this category have to be ruled out because of the confusion over the prefix *in*, meaning not, and the prefix *in* which is merely an intensifier. Thus *flammable* and *inflammable* are really not opposites. The pairs *radiate-irradiate*, and *ravel-unravel* are of similar character.

ANOTHER compartment of my collection contains words whose proper dictionary meanings differ substantially from the senses in which they are commonly used. These are in many cases the words whose meanings are shifting so fast that the dictionary can't keep up with them.

When one speaks of a person being *livid* with rage, he commonly thinks that *livid* means red or mottled purple, whereas it means pale or leaden. *Fey* is commonly used to mean slightly touched, in a pleasant, woodsy sense; whereas it primarily means condemned to death. There are, of course, many more examples, with somewhat less contrast between the actual and the common meaning.

Still another part of my collection, and one of which I am particularly proud, since I invented the category myself, contains nouns which, as a mathematician might put it, maximize the product of the familiarity of the object and the unfamiliarity of the object's name. In other words, these are very unfamiliar names of very familiar objects. All of us are familiar with the underside of a staircase; but apart from a few double-crostic fans, how many people know that it is called a *soffit*? In at least an impersonal sense we are all familiar with the bottom of the sea, but do you know the name *benthos*? Everyone with trees and shrubs to care for is familiar with the long wooden pole with a pruning shear on the end which is operated by pulling on a rope, but have you ever asked your wife where the gardener put the *averruncator*? Most persons are familiar with the strangely curved handle of a scythe, but few call it by its proper name, which is *snath*.

But I have saved my prize in this category until last. Almost everybody knows that when you put up a tent you drive some tent pegs into the ground, hitch around each peg a rope attached to the tent, and then tighten the rope by pulling on a little block of wood with holes in each end through which pass the two ends of the guy rope. But essentially *nobody* knows the name of this block of wood. You won't believe it until you look in an unabridged dictionary, but here it is—*euphroe*!

One of my colleagues used to be fascinated by the fact that a noun which denotes sharply and successfully is very poor at connoting; and conversely one which connotes richly is poor at denoting. This fact to some extent symbolizes the contrast between an exact science—in which precision of meaning requires that a word sharply denote, and an art—in which richness of meaning and range of implication require that a word broadly connote.

As an example, the word *massive*, in its general use, has a rich connotation of great weight, of impressive size, of dense and permanent solidity, of bold aspect. That which is massive is just the opposite of that which is light, small, delicate, and fragile. But in science the word *mass* means precisely one thing—the ratio, for any body, of the applied force to the produced acceleration. When the physicist speaks

(*Continued on page* 58)

KEY TO ILLUSTRATIONS

CANARY: From Latin *canis*, a dog; the Canary Islands were so named for their huge wild dogs.

LUNATIC: From Latin *luna*, moon; the word derives from the belief that lunacy was caused by sleeping in moonlight.

JANUARY: From Latin *Janus*, the deity who guarded doors, including the doorway to the new year; Janus had two faces, one looking forward and one looking back.

PANDEMONIUM: From Greek *pan*, all, and *daemonium*, evil spirit; coined by Milton to describe the capital of Hell.

SENATE: From Latin *senex*, old, and *senatus*, council of old men.

ASTONISH: From Latin *extonare*, to strike by thunder.

RIVAL: From Latin *rivus*, stream, and *rivalis*, one living on the opposite bank of a stream from another.

The drawings that appear in this article are from "In a Word" (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., © 1939 by Margaret S. Ernst), written by Margaret S. Ernst and illustrated by James Thurber. Mr. Weaver's article is an adaptation of a talk given before the Citizens' Advisory Committee of the New York Public Library.

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The Good Have a Quiet Heroism

By Granville Hicks

THE COMPLAINT is commonly made against contemporary novelists that they do not present good men and women. There are many things to be said about this. The novelist may feel that evil is more representative than good, or he may believe, as Flannery O'Connor does, that we learn what is good by understanding what is bad. In any case, modern fiction is full of individuals who are far from admirable.

This week, by exception, we have two novels that portray virtuous characters. Neither of these characters is heroic in any obvious way. The admirable person in John Knowles's **"A Separate Peace"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, while Pamela Hansford Johnson's **"The Humbler Creation"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50) sets before us a clergyman who, at first glance, seems as dull as they come. But this is the whole point: both authors find heroism in unlikely places.

Although Knowles's novel was first published in England, he is an American, and the scene of his book is a recognizable preparatory school in New Hampshire. (He calls it Devon.) The time is the year 1942-43, and the time is important, for the war, the war in which they are soon to be immersed, has already changed the lives of Devon's students.

The hero is one of these students, Finney by nickname, a first-rate athlete, a mediocre scholar. Finney's great quality, we soon realize, is his spontaneity. His unconventionality is not a form of protest against authority nor a way of self-assertion but the simple flowering of his nature. He is free from fear, free from hate, free from jealousy. His acts are often startling, but they are always consistent with his character. In England he has been compared with Holden Caulfield, the hero of J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," but fundamentally, in his capacity for impulsive action, he is more like Salinger's later hero, Seymour Glass.

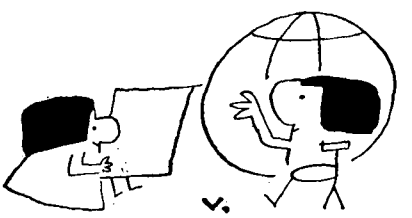
Naturally he is a leader, and his closest follower is the narrator, Gene. Gene responds to Finney, and, under his influence, sometimes reaches the heroic plane, but his relationship with the other boy is flawed by recurrent jealousy. This leads him to an act of betrayal, as a result of which Finney is seriously lamed. Even this crisis Finney meets with characteristic poise, and the story moves on to a dramatic crisis.

There are other students who figure in the story, and one of them is important, the one called Leper. He, too, is a nonconformist, but, after he has enlisted in the Army, his nonconformity leads to mental collapse. He does not have the kind of wholeness that is Finney's strength. What would have happened to Finney if he had been able to go to war we do not know. Gene tells him he would have made a bad soldier, and on the surface this seems true, but one feels that Finney would have known how to bow to necessity without sacrificing his true nature.

The contrast between Finney's nature and the nature of war is one of the book's important themes. Near the end the narrator reflects that wars are made "by something ignorant in the human heart." For most of the students at Devon, he says, the mere fact of the war was destructive. "Phineas alone had escaped this. He possessed an extra vigor, a heightened confidence in himself, a serene capacity for affection which saved him. . . Only Phineas never was afraid, only Phineas never hated anyone."

This is the kind of person Knowles has tried to portray, and he has succeeded to a remarkable degree. Here is (if you want to look at it that way), a simple tale about schoolboys, and on that level the book is entertaining enough. But the character of Finney stays in the mind, and the more one thinks about him, the more meaning he has.

Maurice Fisher, Miss Johnson's hero, is the hard-working vicar of a London parish that is going downhill. His marriage for some years has not been a happy one, and suddenly he realizes that he does not love his wife, who is vain and lazy. Then he discovers that he does love another woman and that she loves him. Their meetings are infrequent and innocent, but they cause scandal—and at last he gives her up.



The story develops against a solid background of parochial and domestic life. Maurice's labors, the religious services and money-raising activities of the church, the problems of the parishioners, all the things that make up his professional life, are faithfully portrayed. At home his situation is complicated by the presence of his mother-in-law and also of his wife's widowed sister, Kate, and her two difficult sons. The unfortunate love affair in which Kate becomes involved adds to his difficulties. Meanwhile, with every page, we understand more fully in how many ways his wife has failed him. Miss Johnson's description of Libby is a deadly portrait of an inadequate wife.

Through all this our attention is focused on Maurice's goodness. It is amusing to recall that Miss Johnson's preceding novel, "The Unspeakable Skipton," was the story of a man without a conscience. Maurice and Skipton are at opposite poles. A devout Christian, strong in his faith, Maurice has a clear conception of goodness, and his constant struggle is to measure up to it, in his parish, in his home, and in his relations with Alice Imber. The love he feels for Alice offers the first major temptation he has ever experienced, and what gives the novel its force is Miss Johnson's ability to make us feel how close to being irresistible the temptation is. The renunciation with which the book ends is moving.

Unlike "The Unspeakable Skipton," which is a gay diversion, though something more than that too, "The Humbler Creation" is sober, quiet, even in a worthy way a little dull. Its great virtue is the sense of reality it gives. Maurice's goodness is credible because it expresses itself in situations that we unhesitatingly accept. At the end, after giving Alice up, he reads in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" the account of the death at the stake of Thomas Hawkes, and reflects that "a man like himself, so much more obviously of the humbler creation, was a small creature to a man like this." Yet neither he nor we have any doubt of the magnitude of his ordeal.

Whereas John Knowles is a promising newcomer, Pamela Hansford Johnson is a veteran, with a dozen or more novels behind her, some of them very good. Knowles's novel sometimes moves a little uncertainly, but hers has a strong, even, unfaltering pace. However, both succeed in giving us admirable characters that we can believe in. They make an interesting pair—the child of innocence, the boy who hasn't been corrupted by life, and the mature man, with his resources of faith, discipline, and determination.

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SR's BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Six Years Before Suez

"Full Circle: The Memoirs of Anthony Eden" *(Houghton Mifflin. 676 pp. $6.95), in its account of the author's government service from his days as Foreign Secretary, illuminates the virtues and frailties of the former British Prime Minister. Henry Brandon serves as chief American correspondent for the Sunday Times of London.*

By Henry Brandon

TWO OBVIOUS questions continued to intrigue me after ploughing through the 676 pages of Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs: why was the British Government able to play a major role in keeping the United States from intervening militarily in Indochina, and why did the U.S. fail to prevent Britain from using force in the Suez Canal?

Was it because British national interest was more directly at stake in Suez than American self-interest in Indochina? Certainly, this basic difference existed. But Sir Anthony's account also leads me to believe that other reasons mattered, perhaps even more decisively. One was the difference between his and Mr. Dulles's approach to diplomacy. Sir Anthony, a diplomatist of the old school, in principle refused to agree to proposal A whenever he was unsure whether he would also be able to accept proposal B that flowed from A. Mr. Dulles, who had the mind of an advocate and the heart of a martyr, always relied on the "small print" to wriggle out of proposal B whenever necessary; he therefore had no pangs of conscience in proposing A. This method gave him a certain intellectual exhilaration. Risks were a temptation to him. President Eisenhower, in his own "footnote to history" at one of his recent press conferences confirmed this with surprising frankness. "Secretary Dulles was a very forceful character," the President said. "He could very well talk about possibilities . . . that might by them [the British] be considered proposals when they were not meant that at all." When those "possibilities" meant the choice between war and peace one can understand that Sir Anthony's life must have been nightmarish at times.

The second decisive reason, it seems to me, was the difference in leadership. When Britain was asked whether it would support American military intervention in Indochina, Sir Anthony was not told how tentative a proposal this was. However, Churchill replied with a clear, flat no. But President Eisenhower, who is inclined to shy away from being too direct, at least according to available evidence, never *categorically* told Sir Anthony that the United States would oppose British military intervention in Suez or go as far as actively opposing such action in the United Nations.

Sir Anthony persuasively argues his case against Mr. Dulles's exasperating diplomacy, this "long and dismal trail of negotiations," but he is not so convincing in defending his own concepts and his own decisions. He overstates when he compares Nasser to Hitler; he misjudged American reaction to the use of force; he mishandled his relations with President Eisenhower, and his explanation for the need of British intervention after the Israeli attack does not sound either genuine or persuasive.

As Mr. Churchill's Foreign Secretary (in the first part of the book) he leaves the impression of a diplomatist of consummate skill, with a steady hand and a decisive mind. Once Prime Minister, this impression fades. His hand seems to hesitate, even tremble; his mind lacks the qualities of "lonely eminence." He vacillated into bold action; he did not move into it boldly. To what extent his serious illness—which lurked in the background and of which one is only casually reminded—contributed to driving him into desperate foolhardiness, is difficult to know; nobody probably knows.

Many other mysteries, debated so fiercely at the time, remain unsolved. Was there anything to the "collusion story," as Mr. Dulles called it, between Paris and London? To what extent did Sir Anthony consult his own government, his own advisers? To what extent were they kept informed of the advice that came from the British Ambassador in Washington, Sir Roger Makins? What really went wrong with the military operation? Was it inadequate planning or overtimidity that caused all the delays? Sir Anthony, it is known, was forced to delete certain passages from the book in order to avoid coming into conflict with Britain's Official Secrets Act. Perhaps some of the answers to these questions were among the deletions.

These memoirs are a very personal account; they are not an historian's careful analysis. Anger is a great simplifier and at times one senses they were written in still smoldering wrath. The book reaches a pitch when Sir Anthony recalls how Mr. George Humphrey, the then Secretary of the Treasury, refused to give way on the "clean hands" doctrine: "The United States insisted that all advantages gained must be thrown away before serious negotiations began. This was the most calamitous of all errors. . . !" It was inconceivable to Mr. Eden that the United States would have wanted to humiliate its closest ally to that extent. But anyone who was in Washington at the time could have predicted Mr. Dulles's course of action.

These memoirs are, above all, a tragic testimony to human and professional failure and miscalculation, to the fallibility of intelligence and to the limitations of the Anglo-American alliance. In a way, it is fortunate that these various blunders are so inextricably entwined that it is impossible to disentangle the shares of responsibility for this inglorious fiasco. Grass has grown, meanwhile, over the Suez affair much faster than one might have expected, and for that, too, one must be grateful to those who made this possible.

THIS volume only covers the period from 1951 to 1957. It reads easily enough, though the style is flat, with hardly a phrase to tingle one's palate. In spite of so many dramatic events, its gloomy rhythm of exasperation lacks sense of drama. Many interesting personalities pass across the pages, but Sir Anthony does not seem to be interested in them as human beings, only as professionals. This has one advantage: there are no insults in this book, only innuendoes.

Sir Anthony's greatest tragedy was that history selected him to step into Sir Winston Churchill's shoes. It was an unhappy fate, both as a statesman and author. If he had never become Prime Minister, Mr. Eden would have gone down in history as one of the greatest practitioners in the art of diplomacy. The Suez action was a Churchillian concept, but without Churchill's magnificent authority and his powerful spirit it lacked breadth and directness and was bound to fail. It is tragic too that Sir Anthony felt compelled to begin his memoirs with the last volume; it makes one forget that his great days were in the Thirties, when, as Sir Winston once put it, he was "a symbol to his generation."

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SR FIRST

A Valiant Search for His Vision

By Dorothy M. Johnson, *author of "Indian Country."*

A VERY few writers can evoke truly a time and a way of life that they have experienced only in imagination. Once in a long while this controlled dreaming, which makes real what never happened, creates a novel that can be called great. This is the kind of imagination that Don Berry has. At the age of twenty-seven he has produced a book which I must call great.

It is hard to find anything derogatory to say about **"Trask"** (Viking, $4.95) except that it deserves a more attractive title and a glossary. The narrative begins quietly, gently, and increases in suspense until it has the power of an avalanche.

Elbridge Trask, a fur trapper turned farmer in Oregon Territory, sets forth in 1848 from Clatsop Plains with two Indian companions to see about farming possibilities at Murderer's Harbor. How deceptively simple that bare statement is! Trask is opposed by nature, fate, and man. Here is all manner of conflict, and triumph of the most admirable kind.

The world evoked by the author is the Pacific Coast, where lived the settled tribes of salmon-fishing Indians. These were the "flatheads" who deformed their babies' skulls by binding. (The Indians who are still officially called Flatheads live several hundred miles inland and did not flatten their heads at all.)

The story takes place during a time of change on the Oregon coast, when Portland had half a dozen houses. White settlers and missionaries were disturbing the ancient customs of the coastal Indians. The Clatsops, tamed by epidemics, no longer dared the sea in their great canoes. But away from the settlements and the traders, menacing and suspicious tribes clung desperately to their old ways, and these fierce and pitiless men well understood that Trask, seeking passage through their territory, signified danger from the encroaching whites. The Indians blocked his way. So did a mountain, equally pitiless and treacherous: Neahkahnie, the mountain that was the body of a god.

This Indian world was a cruel one. The coastal tribes carried on a brisk slave trade. The salmon Indians' social customs included the potlatch ceremony, in which a man shamed another by bestowing gifts that the recipient could not repay. The reason for giving was to humiliate. This is a very different concept from that of the buffalo-hunting tribes of the Plains, among whom a great man was often relatively poor because of his generosity. But with the Plains tribes giving brought honor to both the donor and the donee.

The religious convictions of the salmon-fishing tribes required that a boy spend his growing-up years learning the discipline he would need when he went out alone to fast and seek a vision, without which he could not be a man. That he must find his Power, to guide him throughout the rest of his life, was not something to be believed or doubted; it simply *was,* like the sea or the mountains. An Indian in this book states the need clearly: "A man who has not had his Vision does not know what his place in the world is to be. How can he live, then?"

An Indian friend warns Trask:

> There is a loosening of the mind with hunger that you do not know, and with the cleansing ritual, and the cold water. There is loneliness. You will begin to wander, maybe in your mind, maybe in the woods. This is why the boys are disciplined: so they may control themselves and be strong when their senses begin to lie to them. You do not know how to do this.

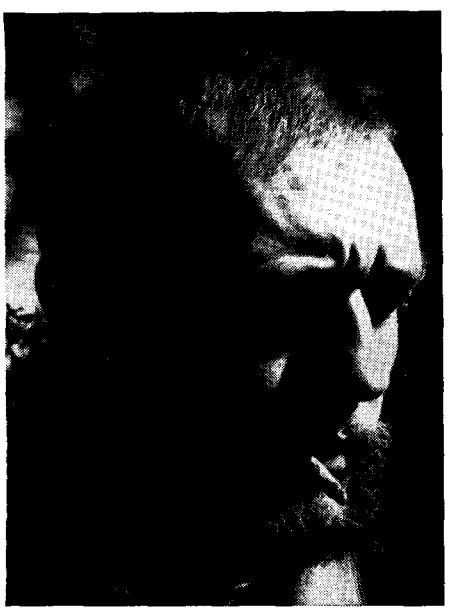
Without this preliminary training, without even the conviction that sustained Indian boys, Trask undertook a search for his own Vision, his own Power, in the same lonely way the Indians did it—without weapons.

In a poem by Robert Browning, the protagonist goes forth to find the Dark Tower, opposed by an implacable, impersonal, unseen enemy and unknown terrors. The poem ends in nightmare triumph, with a blast on a trumpet:

> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
> And blew: "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

That's all. The knight got there. We

(*Continued on page* 42)



Don Berry—Avalanche of a book.

Comment by the Author:

WHILE reading a privately sponsored research project by the Northwest historian Dr. Dorothy Johansen, I began to discern a pattern behind several groups of unrelated facts. Briefly, this was that the settlement of the area now known as Tillamook Bay had been planned as far in advance as four years, an unusual circumstance. Although the picture was confused by lack of connective data, the strong thread that ran through it was a man named Elbridge Trask. I began to speculate on possible links in this shadowy chain—in short, just what events *might* have taken place in order to produce the later facts of which I had certain knowledge.

The book was originally planned to cover the whole sequence of investigation, financing, and settlement. However, I soon dropped this broad historical perspective in favor of a much narrower focus. This made it possible to deal in greater depth with several individual problems that concerned me, and these are the core of the novel. Nevertheless, I felt that the occurrences of the book should not contradict later events and should, if possible, provide an explanation that was missing in the available data.

Trask, as he appears in the book, must be considered fictional, although the background given him is factual, and the events of the story are certainly not inconsistent with his historical character. I also made whatever departures from history best suited my purposes.

—Don Berry.

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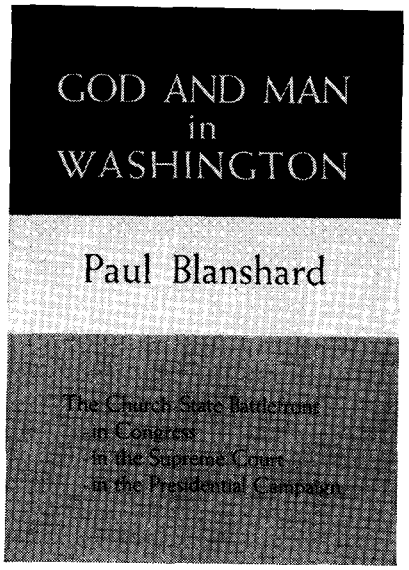
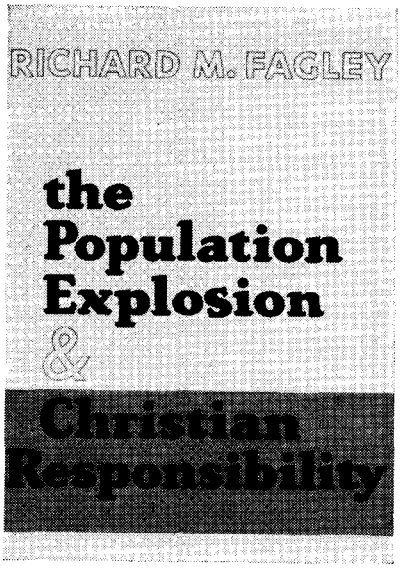
Books in the News





1. Status of the Church and State

By WALTER JOHNSON, *author of the forthcoming book "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue: Presidents and the People. 1929-1959."*

IT IS refreshing in an age of political euphoria to have Paul Blanshard writing books. His "American Freedom and Catholic Power" (1949) revealed that he is no tranquilizer. In **"God and Man in Washington"** (Beacon, $3.50) he marches boldly into "The Church-State Battle Front" in Congress, the Supreme Court, and the current Presidential campaign. While he feels that as nations go we have done fairly well in working out the relationship between Church and State, this cannot last unless sound solutions are reached on current conflicts.

Blanshard considers the issue of public money for sectarian schools to be the most important one facing Congress. In addition to exploring this, he presents an appreciative account of the Supreme Court's decisions in the Church-State controversy. He analyzes the Everson, New Jersey, bus case; the McCollum case on religious instruction, and the Zorach case on released time; and he is highly critical of continued violations of the released-time decision, the worst of which "occur in the Protestant-dominated Southern states," where, according to a survey by the National Council of Churches, one-third of all released-time religious classes are still held in public school buildings. He is deeply and rightly concerned over "the nightmare of a fragmented educational system divided along denominational lines."

The Presidential campaign, according to Blanshard, contains two "potential disasters." The first would be the defeat of an able contender on the sole ground of his Catholicism. The other would be the election of a Catholic "without facing squarely the question of his relationship to those policies of his Church which threaten our present pluralistic society." These policies, Blanshard writes, are "the Church's stand for (1) complete abolition of divorce, (2) complete prohibition of contraceptives, (3) the obligation of the State to support Catholic schools with public funds, (4) Church censorship, (5) discrimination against Protestants, Jews, and unbelievers in mixed marriage, and (6) creedal segregation of Catholic children in a separate school system, with theological penalties for parents who refuse their bishop's orders to boycott public schools."

If a Catholic candidate "accepts his Church's six policies literally, he cannot accept the prevailing American concept of the separation of Church and State," Blanshard insists. And if he answers questions about these frankly, "he will be compelled either to reject the basic principles of American democracy or to assert an independence which his Church's hierarchy will interpret as contrary to Catholic teaching." Senator Kennedy stated in *Look* (March 3, 1959) that whatever one's religion, nothing takes precedence over an office-holder's oath to uphold the Constitution, including the "First Amendment and the strict separation of Church and State"; affirmed his opposition to appointing an ambassador to the Vatican, and declared, "There can be no question of Federal funds being used for support of parochial or private schools."

Although praising these statements for their candor and breadth, Blanshard observes that, among other things, the Senator has failed to make clear his position toward his Church's boycott of public schools. But Blanshard adds that there "is no evidence that Kennedy believes in the coercive principle of Canon 1374" and, in fact, his education, which was almost wholly non-Catholic, "creates the presumption that he rejects the coercive features of that Canon."

One can fairly ask, how "coercive" in fact is this Canon? Many Catholic parents seem unaware of it and have suffered no "theological penalties" for sending their children to public schools. By overlooking the fact that the form of an institution is not automatically the substance, does not Blanshard overdraw the monolithic nature of American Catholicism? Diocesan newspapers, for instance, do not always follow the same political pattern. Although New York City's supported Franco in the Spanish civil war, Chicago's opposed the General. And, while the urban concentration of Catholics is a potent political fact, Blanshard neglects the ethnic divisions within Catholicism which weaken their numerical strength.

Blanshard's simplistic approach to complex questions is demonstrated, as well, when he discusses the rejection of James F. Byrnes as the 1944 Democratic Vice Presidential nominee. He was not stricken from the list at the behest of "boss Ed Flynn of New York, a Catholic," solely because of his "irregular" religious history. Organized labor as represented by Sidney Hillman (Jew) and organized Negro leadership (Protestant) objected strenuously to Byrnes. Roosevelt dropped him because of the pressure of the combined vetoes.

Although Blanshard explores questions that need airing in a democratic society, and states well the wisdom behind Jefferson's phrase of a "wall of separation" between Church and State, and is able in dealing with many aspects of the Church-State problem in America, his discussion is weakened by his failure to appreciate complexities when analyzing American Catholicism.

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2. Plea for Responsible Parenthood

By WARREN S. THOMPSON, *director emeritus, Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems at Miami University.*

THE FIRST part of "**The Population Explosion and Christian Responsibility**" (Oxford, $4.25) is devoted to the explosion itself and its consequences. The second consists of an argument, based chiefly on the historical development of church doctrines, aimed at justifying the spread of the use of contraception throughout the world. This the author, Richard Fagley, deems necessary to insure the development of responsible parenthood among all peoples; hence it is a Christian responsibility. Much the larger portion of the book is devoted to this argument.

In the beginning chapters the author depends chiefly on the writings of the students of population and on official publications. His presentation here differs little from that of lay writers addressed to the general reader. It is concise and clear and as accurate as one can be when trying to describe a complex social and economic situation very briefly. From the author's point of view this factual presentation of materials that are essentially demographic, social, and economic is necessary to convince the readers in whom he is chiefly interested that the population explosion demands a reorientation of Christian thought.

In his own words, "Although the concerns of the general reader have been kept in mind, in purpose this book is a call to Christian action, addressed in the first place to churchmen who share the Evangelical heritage. It is a call to the parson and the interested parishioner to take an active part in the task of building a more worthy and dynamic Protestant position on the complex problems represented by the terms population and parenthood."

Only a few specific points in this factual description can be noted here. The data showing the sudden and extremely rapid rate of growth among the underdeveloped peoples are clearly and adequately presented. The chief cause—the scientific control of disease—is also adequately treated.

On the other hand, the burden on the economies of the underdeveloped countries arising from this rapid population growth, although noted, particularly in the chapter on food, needs fuller treatment. It would also help the reader to appreciate how great this burden is if the contrast of the economic situation of the Western world in 1750, let us say, with that in the underdeveloped countries today were noted more fully.

This survey of the population explosion leads the author to conclude that the widespread use of contraception must be added to the economic remedies if an unbearable population pressure is to be avoided in the underdeveloped countries.

In the portion of the book treating of Christian responsibility in this situation the author presents materials showing that concepts of the obligations of parenthood have varied greatly in different religions and even within the same religious group at different times. He holds that these changes represent efforts to adjust religious doctrines and practices to changing social and economic conditions. In the present situation he believes that Protestant Christianity must modify its doctrines and practices to bring them into conformity with the needs for responsible parenthood. "Be fruitful and multiply" no longer adequately defines the purpose of the family. Other ideas essential to the Christian concept of responsible parenthood are greater devotion of the parents to the education and training of their children for more complete living in the world of today and closer cooperation of the parents themselves in all aspects of family life. In order to fulfill these responsibilities it will be necessary for many couples to limit the size of their families.

It probably is not possible for the layman to appreciate the value of the finer doctrinal points in the author's historical discussion of religious attitudes as determinants of parental responsibility. Indeed it does not seem that these points are relevant, to say nothing of being essential, in arriving at a decision that the voluntary control of the size of the family is a *sine qua non* for the widespread development of responsible parenthood. Furthermore, while encouraging a broader and deeper feeling of responsibility among the peoples in the more economically developed countries to assist those less fortunate to an all-around better life is no doubt Christian in spirit and in intent, this attitude and the behavior arising from it certainly are not dependent exclusively on the acceptance of Christian doctrines. Thus while any person who considers himself a man of good will will probably agree that the concept of Christian responsibility as developed here would, if widely practised, lead to a better world he may not feel the need of the adjective Christian if, at the same time, this commits him to the approval of the doctrinal beliefs that seem so essential to the author in arriving at this concept.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MYTHOLOGICAL THREESOMES

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N.C., presents on the left ten trios who appear in mythology, and asks you to match them with their designations scrambled on the right. The ones whose nationalities are not specified are Greek or Roman. Answers on page 42.

1. Agathyrsus, Golonus, Scythes	( ) Agamemnon's Children
2. Alecto, Tisiphone, Megaera	( ) The Trimurti (Hindu)
3. Althea, Toxeus, Phlexippus	( ) Diana's Nymphs
4. Amphitrite, Thetis, Galatea	( ) The Fates
5. Antigone, Eteocles, Polynices	( ) The Furies
6. Brahma, Vishnu, Siva	( ) The Graces
7. Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos	( ) Most important Nereids
8. Crocale, Nephele, Hyale	( ) Children of Oedipus
9. Electra, Iphigenia, Orestes	( ) Sons of Hercules and Echidna
10. Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia	( ) Children of Thestius

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In an Age of Science, a New Accent on Religion

SR Devotes the Following Pages of This Year's Religious Book Issue to a Wide Selection of Reading Dealing with the Contemplative and the Contemporary.

By JOHN C. BENNETT, *dean of the faculty, Union Theological Seminary in New York.*

WILL HERBERG has recently called attention to the fact that in addition to the popular revival of religious interest which expresses itself in conventional ways, there is also a religious questioning among intellectuals which arouses interest in Existentialism, which leads them to read such writers as Kierkegaard, Martin Buber, or Paul Tillich. On many a campus there has been for some time this facing of ultimate religious issues, and a solid academic study of religion in our colleges and universities preceded the current popular religious revival. The tendency is for religion on this level to be highly personal and subjective. It often has more depth than form. It may lead to a private rejection of many cultural values but it has not led to much public prophetic criticism.

The prophetic religious challenge to the complacencies of a culture has never been emphasized by the majority at any time. The Biblical prophets themselves always moved against the religious stream of their own day. But we can hope that the churches may raise up within themselves more individuals and groups which keep asking the hard questions about their culture and which point to new possibilities of honesty and justice in the community. Also, it is not too much to hope that far beyond these minorities there will be a disturbed public conscience.

With respect to racial justice in the country the churches have greater clarity of mind when they face the issue than on almost any other social problem. But while race is the easiest subject on which to say the right things in principle, on a national scale it is one of the hardest subjects on which to come to terms locally. In recent years there has been much courage and there have been many sacrifices, including lost jobs, because of this difficulty.

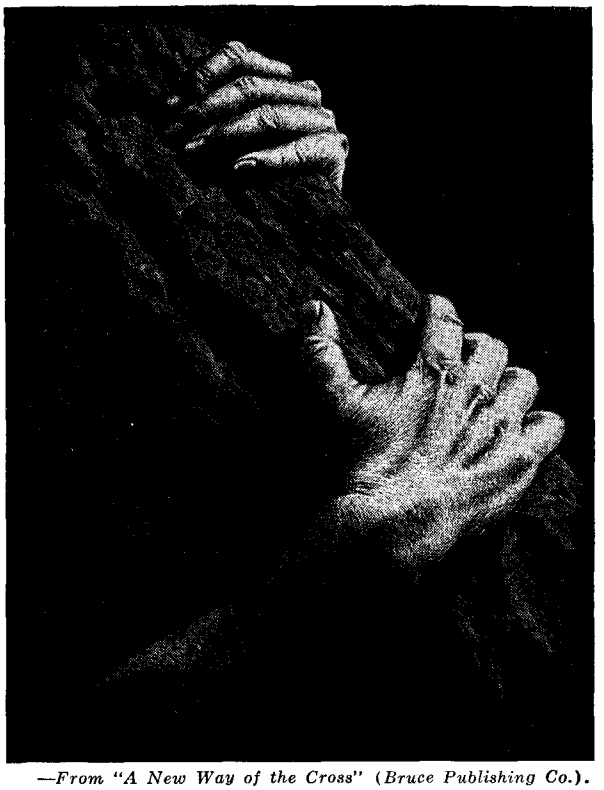
In the 1930s there was much prophetic speaking and acting in the churches about economic justice, and this had some effect in preparing the American people to accept the changes that events forced upon them. Today the economic issues are much less clear. Churchmen could readily be champions of labor in the steel strike of 1919 when the twelve-hour day was involved, but it has been difficult for them to know what to say about the steel strike of 1959. However, there are many emerging issues in the economic sphere to which churches will be called to address themselves. Some issues are less obviously points of justice; they are, rather, issues that affect the quality of life of the more privileged, their feeling for honesty and truth, their freedom from domination by economic organizations of their own making.

THE issues of global economic justice will be more demanding than ever. The churches should be influenced by the fact that they are part of a worldwide Judeo-Christian community which includes people in nations which in their poverty and hunger remind us of the moral precariousness of our own prosperity. There are various motives that should lead our country to be concerned about the nations which must have revolutionary change and a rising standard of living, but within the houses of worship the emphasis should be on our solidarity with their people.

Within the churches there has been little emphasis so far on the moral issues involved in the nuclear arms race and in the problems of possible nuclear war. There are terrifying risks in any decisions in this area but we seem unable to concentrate for long on any risks except those that might involve the exposure of some part of the world to Communist blackmail or Soviet aggression.

The leaders of the churches for the most part have shared with the leaders of our nation concern for those risks, but in the next period the churches must surely be disturbed into asking quite different questions about quite different risks.

The churches need to emphasize the risks of an uncontrolled arms race quite as much as the risks that may come from allowing a relative increase of Russian power. They need to do far more than they have done to challenge the tendency of government and of opinion-forming agencies to play down the consequences of nuclear tests and even of nuclear war. The churches should be impelled to remind the nation of the rights of the unborn when it is tempted to risk genetic poisoning of future generations for the sake of its present security. If the churches are to be true to themselves and to be more than national temples or the temples of Western culture they must press the question, which is so far almost ignored, about the moral limits to be observed as we prepare for possible nuclear war. Churches cannot be expected to have policies in these matters; but they are bound to keep raising the neglected questions; they are bound to remind citizens who are willing to hear that no strategist's view of military necessity can ever be the final norm; they are bound to champion the victims of our policies.



—From "A New Way of the Cross" (Bruce Publishing Co.).
". . . quite different questions about quite different risks."

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ATTITUDES

Shafts from a Christian Marksman

"The World's Last Night," by C. S. Lewis *(Harcourt, Brace. 113 pp. $3), is composed of seven essays, written in the last seven years, including a new "Screwtape" letter, by the most popular Christian apologist in the English-speaking world. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated newspaper columnist, and author of "Majority of One."*

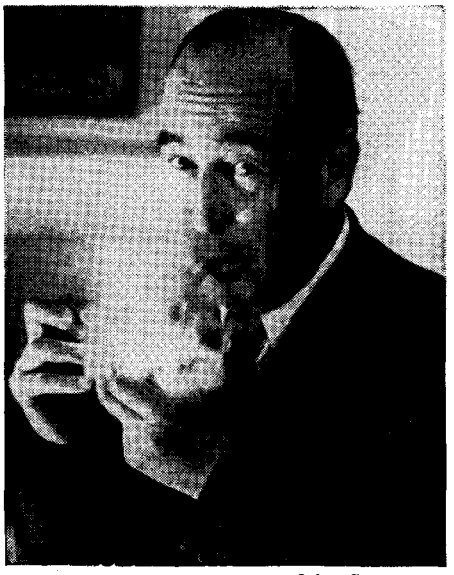
By Sydney J. Harris

NEARLY two centuries ago, Rowland Hill, the English preacher, inquired angrily, "Why should the Devil have the best tunes?" And it is a melancholy truth that in literature he usually does: a Voltaire, a Swift, a Heine, a Bernard Shaw—such melodic talents are all too rarely found within the orthodox religious community. The best tunes, if not diabolical, sound at least heretical.

There is great rejoicing among the faithful, therefore, when a Chesterton arises to match trumpet-calls with a Shaw, or when a C. S. Lewis proves as much a master of polemical counterpoint as a Bertrand Russell. For although Lewis lacks Chesterton's *brio* and fullness of orchestration, he does bring to religious writing those qualities so often found chiefly in its opponents: dry wit, sharp satire, gracefulness of style, and a deadly marksmanship.

Lewis is best known, of course, for his "Screwtape Letters," which deftly put modern materialists and relativists on the defensive eighteen years ago; but he is also, in his own way, as fertile as Chesterton was, producing in the last quarter-century a dazzling diversity of books, ranging from a scholarly study of allegory in medieval times to a half-dozen charming children's stories, and a brace of science (or, more properly, anti-science) fiction.

It is in the vast and heaving sea of theology, however, that he has tacked most fervently and persistently, like a sharp-nosed cutter charting icebergs, providing us with apologetics ("The Great Divorce" and "Miracles"), theodicy ("The Problem of Pain"), hermeneutics ("Reflections on the Psalms"), and his own sort of irenics ("Beyond Personality").



—*John S. Murray.*

C. S. Lewis—Devil's adversary.

In all this, while exciting, delighting, and exasperating the general reader, Lewis has not escaped the scorn of the professional theologians, who want no unlicensed craft cutting across their well-established trade routes. He has been termed "popular," which is academic trade-union cant for "unsound"; he has been accused by the Modernists of being too dogmatic, and by the Fundamentalists of being too eclectic; and, of course, all the assorted atheists, agnostics, humanists, rationalists, pragmatists, and positivists unite in the warmest detestation of his uncompromisingly orthodox views.

Actually, while real criticism can be made of his position, what inspires the wrath of most of his critics is very simple, if very rare: he is a convinced Christian who knows how to write. Thus, the professional theologians cannot forgive him for not being ponderous and obscure, and the professional atheists cannot forgive him for turning their own weapons of irony and ridicule against them.

His latest offering, "The World's Last Night," is a minor contribution to the Lewis canon – as might be expected from a collection of essays that were originally printed in such diverse journals as the *Sewanee Review*, the *Christian Herald*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Three of the pieces in this assemblage are definitely first-rate. "On Obstinacy in Belief," given as a paper to the Socratic Club at Oxford, is a lucid and (to me) convincing explanation of the different kinds of certitude involved in scientific and in religious belief, and thus the different kinds of "evidence" called for. Its closeness of reasoning defies brief summarization, and I can only recommend as close a reading by believers and nonbelievers alike.

"Lilies That Fester" is a devastating, if intemperate, attack on "culture" as a self-conscious element in our civilization, quite properly pointing out that those who use "culture" as a means to other ends are basically as uncultured as those who use "refinement" are unrefined. I think Mr. Lewis becomes a touch overheated about the culture-mongers, but it is undeniably true that just as the Pharisee thinks that going to the "right" church makes him a religious person, the culturist tends to think that discussing the "right" books makes him somehow a morally and spiritually superior person.

In "Good Work and Good Works" Mr. Lewis again cruises out of theological waters, to deplore the loss of craftsmanship in the modern world, and to insist that doing really good works (in charity or in art) first implies doing good work in the basic technical sense. He finds much of modern art simply a blob of "self-expression," and suggests firmly that one must first be a craftsman before gaining the right to call oneself an artist; even choirs should sing well or not at all.

> Otherwise [he concludes] we merely confirm the majority in their conviction that the world of Business, which does with such efficiency so much that never needed doing, is the real, the adult, and the practical world; and all this "culture" and all this "religion" (horrid words both) are essentially marginal, amateurish, and rather effeminate activities.

To most readers, the *chef d'oeuvre* in this collection will be the new Screwtape letter. I must confess I found it fairly tedious. Lewis has said elsewhere that he is getting rather tired of the sustained irony of his Devil, and the fatigue peeps through in this latest screed. Screwtape here is instructing his junior devils in the art of promulgating "false democracy," in which excellence is subordinated to the mere counting of noses, and "I'm as good as you" becomes the banner-slogan of self-assertive mediocrity.

Too many of Lewis's upper-middle-class Oxonian prejudices gleam through the Devil's mask in this effort, however,

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and the satire becomes blunted by an excess of vehemence. Although Lewis nominally takes no political position in his writings, some acute angle of conservatism may be inferred from the fact that the most palatable member of the British public on the Devil's menu is a labor leader "stuffed with sedition," who in life "worked for bloodshed, famine and the extinction of liberty." Hard lines these, for a Christian.

Of the three remaining essays, "The Efficacy of Prayer" is a mild, modest, and discursive exploration of the causal efficacy of our prayers, sensibly suggesting that the question "Does prayer work?" is an unanswerable one on any level of cognition. "Religion and Rocketry" is also a highly speculative piece, dealing with the possibility of rational life on other planets, and its meaning for our Christocentric theology. I found it extremely unrewarding, and unduly harsh on human nature. Mr. Lewis denies Total Depravity to our race, but in doing so becomes almost gnostic in his estimate of the Devil's power among us.

The final selection, from which the book takes its title, is projected from Donne's portentous question: "What if this present were the world's last night?" It is more of a sermon on the Apocalypse than a rational discussion (if such is imaginable) of the doctrine of the Second Coming, and though it is imbued with Lewis's typical heuristic vigor, it leaves us with nowhere to go and nothing further to investigate in that direction.

This is the gravest failing of analytical minds. Like so many of his opposite numbers in the Enemy Camp (Shaw, for instance), Lewis is at his best doing mass-demolition work. He can skilfully expose the intellectual fuzziness of his opponents, but the majority of his own constructions seem painfully contrived. Like most fine polemicists, he has a negative capability which is not matched by any originality of conception.

More than this, several important strands of Christianity are missing in him: he is contemptuous of pacifism, uneasy with mysticism, unconcerned with the relevance of Christianity to a social program, and profoundly uninfluenced by depth psychology. These lacks, combined with a certain formalism and legalism in his approach to Biblical texts, suggest that while Lewis is a stimulating appetizer he should not be confused with the main course in theology.

His chief charm—and a not inconsiderable one—is the ability, even the willingness, to follow Lord Acton's generous precept, and to state the case for his opponents as fully and fairly as he can before attempting a rebuttal. He concedes all that can be conceded; for instance, that a theocratic government is the worst possible government, because of all bad men, bad religious men are the worst.

As a redeemed atheist, Lewis knows precisely what questions and objections will be raised against his position, and he never deigns to indulge in the slippery evasions and equivocations that make so many "religious" books a despair to the open-minded nonbeliever. It is this eagerness to come to grips with the knottiest problems, and to admit ignorance before some of them, that makes Mr. Lewis so refreshing and so influential as an apostle to the skeptics. If he has no special competence as a theologian—as he repeatedly insists—he nevertheless knows how to pave the road to Damascus with more than good intentions.

The Papacy on Main Street

"American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View," edited by Philip Scharper *(Sheed & Ward. 235 pp. $3.75), speaks out on Catholic practices the other two major faiths in this country would like to see altered. Thomas P. Coffey wrote "A Popular History of Heresies."*

By Thomas P. Coffey

WITHOUT any attempt to criticize the Catholic faith or sanctuary, four Protestant and two Jewish writers have put down in this book their frank opinions of Catholics in the United States. They tell us in a straightforward manner and with much good sense which Catholic practices they would like to see changed, which attitudes modified. The emphasis usually falls on "community dealings" (such questions as Catholic pressure in voting, birth control, censorship, divorce laws, minority rights, church-and-state relationships); but some of the writers occasionally leave these areas and make interesting observations on leadership in the Catholic community itself.

The symposium is eventually seen to be both more and less than the sum of its parts: more, because of the admirable candor and charity that inform the essays; less, in so far as the authors frequently repeat one another without getting beyond the moral dimension of the problems discussed. I don't want to imply by this that the book is a hit-and-run love affair; if it were only that, then it would be much superior to the handshake and smile which usually define the so-called "ecumenical" movement. What I do mean is that I became increasingly doubtful, in reading the study, whether its brief compass, together with the fact that the authors worked independently of each other, could make it any more than a fine beginning, or could permit any significant achievement of the volume's announced purpose: "to assist American Catholics in the never-ending process of self-examination."

The question of the book's purpose aside, Martin Marty's essay ("A Dialogue of Histories") gives a balanced and convincing description of two different styles of life in this country: Catholic and Protestant.

Another essay in the book struck me as particularly illuminating, though it was also a bit irritating: Arthur Cohen's "The Natural and the Supernatural Jew." Cohen brilliantly scores the "condescension" of Christians toward Jews, contrasting the way either the secular intelligence or Biblical faith of Jews will judge the many failures of Catholic power in history, and showing that Catholics still have much house cleaning to do in this respect. The author, however, appears to have little mercy on human nature; I wondered if some prophet was talking to me. Cohen also makes incidental use of a distinction between "Semite" and "Jews"—a distinction which is neither true nor even admissible for the sake of argument, considering the received meanings of the words today.

The other essays of the book, though not equal to Marty's and Cohen's, contain many instructive points which I hope the authors, or others, will be encouraged to explore more thoroughly elsewhere. Many, I am sure, would be interested in seeing an elaboration of Stringfellow Barr's opinion: "The differences that most often separate a Catholic from a Protestant are not . . . theological." Those of us who felt, as I did, during the recent birth-control controversy in New York, that much more was at stake than common sense could determine – that two different, strictly theological viewpoints had in fact crystallized in a relatively unim-

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portant issue and situation—will disagree with Dr. Barr; but we would still benefit from an expanded explanation of his approach to an intricate problem.

Catholics who are nettled by the Protestant view that their church is a monolith might be tempted to answer Robert McAfee Brown's question: "Who really speaks for Catholicism on such crucial issues as toleration, minority rights, and the relationship of church and state?"; but, unless they are heavily conditioned by East Coast Catholicism, they will have a difficult time doing so. In this regard, I should like to note, not too many Protestants (or, for that matter, Catholics) realize the exasperating demands which the Catholic commitment can make on individual intelligence and initiative.

Rabbi Arthur Gilbert and Allyn P. Robinson in the last two essays of this book, suggest numerous ways for greater cooperation and more intelligent discourse between the various faiths in our community. They point out certain false positions Catholics have been forced to take in virtue of suspicion and misunderstandings, and they indicate numerous practical ways, to none of which would I expect Catholics to take reasonable exception, for enlarging our "dialogue."

Coming at a time when religious imprecisions are called "tensions" or "dialogue," and stereotypes are taken as representative of a pluralist society, this book can give the ecumenical movement a fresh, vigorous start.

Practical Piety

"Politics and Evangelism," by Philippe Maury *(Doubleday. 120 pp. $2.95), marks the lanes between the Kingdom of God and the government of man. This study, by a former member of the French Maquis, is reviewed by Chad Walsh, who is the author of "Early Christians of the 21st Century."*

By Chad Walsh

THE AMERICAN reader coming on Philippe Maury's "Politics and Evangelism" will feel on familiar ground, if he already knows his Reinhold Niebuhr. Niebuhr and Maury drink from the same primal sources, particularly the Bible and Karl Barth; to both, man's political life is composed equally of opportunity and peril for the dedicated Christian. And both are convinced that staying out of it is a sub-Christian evasion of responsibility.

Mr. Maury's book has an added interest. During World War II he had to decide whether to plunge into the French underground and steal, lie, and kill with the rest, or to keep quiet, avoid violence—and tacitly acquiesce in Vichy. He chose the first alternative. Later on, in government service, he discovered the same impossibility of complete moral purity—if anyone wants to get something done. These experiences color his writing. Today, in the quieter role of general secretary of the World Christian Movement, Mr. Maury still wars with especial vehemence against Protestant pietism: the attempt to keep one's hands clean by staying out of politics altogether. The practical effect, he makes clear, is alliance with the status quo. The opposite extreme is what he sees as the Catholic tendency to aim at a "Christian society" or "Christian culture," thus losing the tension between the Kingdom of God and the best possible social system.

Mr. Maury, a Protestant, and Biblical in a deep-seated way—though no fundamentalist—derives from the Scriptures four principles for Christian position on politics:

1) Government doesn't just happen; it is part of God's plan; it serves a divine purpose by maintaining at least a minimum of order and justice. This principle by itself points in a conservative direction, but is balanced off by the second principle.

2) "Politics is also for the Christian the opportunity to love his neighbor in practical ways." Mr. Maury pictures this as involving the social gospel and leading toward the welfare state.

3) Absolute freedom of the church to preach the gospel must be defended, but this need not include the right to own large chunks of real estate, operate businesses, etc.

4) Though the state serves a divine purpose, and is worth the devoted help of Christians, neither it nor the church should ever be confused with the Kingdom of God. At best, church and state bear an analogical relation to the Kingdom; they can never more than brokenly hint at its reality.

Mr. Maury's experience in France is called upon when he warns against "Christian" political parties. Their danger is that they divide the church, and make the church member who doesn't belong to the party feel like a second-class Christian.

The author's attitude toward pacifism is that he might well support local wars in some situations (on the grounds of the lesser evil) but that he can no longer support any world war, since it would certainly involve atomic weapons; and any kind of peace would be preferable to victory in such a conflict.

Finally, the word "evangelism" in the title is not a pious afterthought. Mr. Maury maintains that a church not engaged in vigorous, outreaching evangelism is one far gone toward death. He is equally emphatic that political commitment and activity on the part of individual Christians and Christian organizations is one of the most telling forms of evangelism: it demonstrates a kind of concern for the "neighbor"

(*Continued on page* 41)

A Thoughtful Six Consider American Catholicism Today

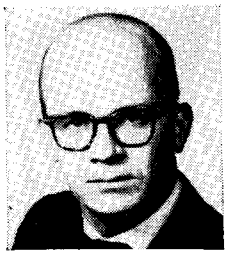
Robert M. Brown

Stringfellow Barr

Arthur Gilbert

Arthur Cohen

Allyn Robinson


Martin Marty

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PERSONAL HISTORY

To a Total Comprehension

"Jesus and His Story," by Ethelbert Stauffer *(Knopf. 243 pp. $4), and* ***"The Son of Man," by Francois Mauriac;*** *translated by Bernard Marchland (World. 158 pp. $3), limn two portraits of Christ, the first based on an interpretation of contemporary and near-contemporary testimony, the second upon subjective conclusions. Henry P. Van Dusen, president of the Union Theological Seminary, points out the differences between the two books.*

By Henry P. Van Dusen

NOW THAT the furore germinated by the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls has subsided and the conclusion which might have been forecast is generally accepted—that these documents while adding valuable sidelights to our knowledge of Biblical Palestine imply no radical revision of the tradition of Christian origins—the time is ripe to set right a widely held misapprehension, namely, that the Scrolls constitute virtually our only extra-canonical source to correct or confirm the Gospels.

The chief importance of "Jesus and His Story" is that it assembles a vast mass of materials from a great variety of non-Christian contemporary and near-contemporary testimony and brings them to bear upon the biography of Jesus. The author is admirably equipped for this undertaking. Professor Stauffer is a distinguished scholar of the University of Erlangen, successor to the famous "Erlangen School" of New Testament interpretation. The fruits of a lifetime of painstaking search among the histories, literatures, liturgies, and even astrologies of the First Century are focussed upon successive aspects of the central figure of the Gospels, not only his ancestry and parentage and such disputed questions as the virgin birth, empty tomb, and physical resurrection, but also such secondary legends as the Star of Bethlehem and the massacre of innocents, and climactically upon "Jesus Witness to Himself."

Whether one is or is not prepared to accept the author's deductions, the evidence itself casts suggestive and stimulating illumination upon the tale from beginning to end. No reader can lay the book down without gratitude for permanent enrichment to his understanding of the times and circumstances as well as the actual facts of the life.

Dr. Stauffer's conclusions are, on the whole, conservative but in no sense obscurantist. Quite the reverse; every position is buttressed by extra-Christian as well as Christian evidence. Indeed, part of the fascination of his craftsmanship is his drawing of indirect inference from sources aimed at discrediting the Christian claims. On crucial points, he aligns himself unhesitatingly with the more radical interpretation; he affirms categorically, "Jesus did not refer to himself as the Messiah."

On the other hand, he takes his stand against the high eschatology popularized by Albert Schweitzer with its corollary of expectation of an imminent "second coming" of Christ; Jesus did not "belong among those who proclaimed tidings of the coming end of the world . . . Not the future but the present was the decisive element in Jesus's teaching." And support for this contention is discovered not only through critical examination of the Gospel texts, but even more in the silence of Jesus's opponents on the failure of his claimed forecasts, which would certainly have served their polemic.

These conclusions are certain to be challenged and rebutted. It is too early to prophesy whether Stauffer's volume will open up a new and heated controversy in New Testament interpretation. At the least, his critics will have to take account of his carefully documented arguments. In the meantime, the ordinary reader is promised an exciting exercise for his own critical judgment.

François Mauriac's work stands in the sharpest contrast. It is as unashamedly subjective and personal as Stauffer's biography is objective and critical. Mauriac is innocent of the findings of the scholars. While cast in the form of a "life," it is rather a profoundly moving meditation, culminating in an autobiographical *confessio fidei.*

Special interest attaches to Mauriac's testimony because it speaks at the moment when his fellow-countryman Albert Camus holds the center of attention. Although separated in age by a generation, comparison is not inappropriate. Both distinguished French men of letters, both authors of shelves of lauded novels and plays, both un-

—*Nierendorf Editions*

"Christ and the Sleeping Disciples," a pen drawing by Joseph Scharl.

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yielding spokesmen of the Resistance, both brilliant postwar editors, both members of the French Academy and winners of the Nobel Prize for Literature, both sons of this bitter, disillusioned, tragic era, they share a common preoccupation with the anguish of human existence and speak directly to the spiritual desolation of contemporary man. For "anguish" is Mauriac's keyword: "My very singular anguish . . . tormented me from the moment I began to grow aware of the tragedy implied in the fact of being a man." Both were impelled toward atheism.

There the parallel ceases. While Camus died tragically and prematurely in rebellion and unbelief, Mauriac in the evening of his life has realized a secure though enlightened reclamation of faith within the Catholic tradition. In this day when Camus is being canonized and almost deified by many, it is well to be confronted by the witness of one who has wrestled with the same adversaries, who has faced equally unafraid the horror of man's predicament, yet fought an agonizing way through into light and meaning.

These two volumes, so contrasted in perspective, purpose, and temper, form admirable complements for those who would attempt a fresh approach to the comprehension of Christ.

By Their Standards, a Saint

"Msgr. Ronald Knox," by Evelyn Waugh *(Little, Brown. 358 pp. $5), regrets that this widely known and immensely loved master of sparkling prose and religious discourse had so much diffidence concerning his own unique talents. The Reverend John La Farge, S.J., is associate editor of the magazine America.*

By John La Farge

A CURIOUS, possibly irrelevant question occurs in reading Evelyn Waugh's affectionate life of the late Ronald Knox—a Roman Catholic priest and monsignor, precocious son of an Anglican bishop, a brilliant, most prolific writer, beloved counselor of Oxford student youth, and a translator of the Bible into matchless English prose. Who would be really interested in such a story? Many Catholics, possibly, since he was a convert from Anglicanism who explained his reasoning in an early essay, "A Spiritual Aeneid." Quite probably a fair number of Anglicans, here and abroad, who would conjecture as to how Knox got that way. Trend-minded students of what is shaping up in the literary world. Knox literary *aficionados*, and there are many of these, for whom his "Let Dons Delight," "Enthusiasm," "Caliban in Grub Street," and a host of lighter works are a household word. We could include also those who relish discovering true holiness in conflict with quite uncongenial temperaments.

These last mentioned will not be disappointed, for by the saints' standards —not those of the peace-of-minders— Ronald Knox wore the true insignia. Beneath his overflowing quiet humor and his boundless sociability he bore a heavy affliction of chronic ill health: of physical tedium and unsuspected suffering, of spiritual sensitiveness. About his own limitations Ronald Knox was plain and honest, as when, after his conversion, he refused the presidency of St. Edmund's (ecclesiastical) College offered to him by Cardinal Hinsley, on the ground that he felt "abnormally disqualified for organizing and administrative work. . . Worse still, I think I should lack the sternness needed when it is a question of getting rid of somebody, boy or divine," and could never trust himself to "make the right decisions."

He loved God intensely, was a man of prolonged and loving prayer, who inspired prayer and the love of God in others. In his personal commitment to a life of purity and religious obedience there were no ifs or buts. He was a *chrétien de race*, at those unexpected moments that reveal a man, as when he departed from his habitual silence on public affairs (in his pamphlet "God and the Atom") at the time of the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, saying then what unfortunately so few, so very few, said at the time: "It would be a fine gesture if the Allied Powers, having shown what the new bomb could do, cease to use it." Alas . . .

Yet this "hidden stream" of Ronald's life—to use his favorite analogy—combined with traits that normally imply selfishness and superficiality. Ronald Knox was insular, in that debonair fashion which only the British can perfect. Foreign countries bored him. His one big excursion abroad was a visit at the age of sixty to his very dear old friend Daphne Lady Acton in Southern Rhodesia, where he enjoyed the comfort of but was not excited about the African *milieu*. He was abnormally sensitive to human sympathy, craved personal affection and withered without it, and could not live and work very happily save in the company and patronage of materially and socially well-circumstanced people. His priestly ministry was abundant in some directions and sharply limited in others. The limitations, be it noted, were not all of his own making or desire. (I would have been glad to see his biographer expand a bit more on this point.)

Yes, these were irritating traits, and Mr. Waugh's method rather increases the irritation, at least for the non-British reader. If you are happy enough to be familiar with Oxford and its peculiar lingo, and if you are already more or less familiar with its famous characters and social background, you will more readily take the earlier chapters. Otherwise you will be somewhat lost in the personalia of the dons' world and of church and family relationships. However, this wealth of circumstance does help one to gauge the shivers Knox felt as he stepped out of a social and intellectually quite cozy world into certain bleak realities of British Catholicism, culturally exiled in the midst of the rich civilization it had once helped to create.

AS with many others who changed from the Establishment to the Ancient Faith, the decisive point for Knox was the question of the reality and the locus of Christianity's teaching authority. Yet once the step had been made, he never stressed this basic issue. Rather he sought

> to find in the Church of England a strong and faithful ally in the defense of the common theological and moral decencies, and where he took issue with them was not on the validity of their orders or the Petrine claims but on what seemed the abandonment of the creeds and the gospels and their compromise with the contemporary ethic . . . . What he feared more for them was contamination and erosion of their faith by contemporary publicists.

Evelyn Waugh has given us a work of much insight into a most unusual character. He has included many fine tributes from the great men who knew Ronald Knox, worked with him, and loved him. He has not minimized Ronald's peculiarities and weaknesses. I would only wish, in view of the book's real value, that he might have prepared a sort of American translation of some of the—for us—rather opaque chapters.

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With the Sacred Writings, the Art of the Masters

By JOHN H. OTWELL, *member of the Department of Old Testament, Pacific School of Religion.*

FOUR new family Bibles have recently been published by the Abradale Press: the "**Masterpiece Bible**" and the "**Rembrandt Bible,**" each issued in the King James and the Confraternity-Douay versions. Priced at $60 apiece, they are sumptuous volumes, printed in a bold, clear type and durably bound and boxed. Each includes an illuminated family record and insert containing The Sermon on the Mount, as well as maps, map index, and extensive study aids. The study aids have been published in two forms, one for the King James editions and one for the Confraternity-Douay. (Truth still seems to follow the lines of ecclesiastical separation!) The "Masterpiece Bibles" are illustrated with ninety-five colored plates of paintings on Biblical themes by forty-seven artists of the mid-thirteenth to seventeenth centuries. (One artist from the nineteenth century is also represented.) The "Rembrandt Bibles" contain forty-four colored plates of that artist's work and seventy-two reproductions of his etchings.

The study aids in the King James Version editions are a "Biblical Encyclopedia, Concordance, and Subject Index," as well as essays and tables on various themes. Because of the quality of the publication in other respects, I expected these to represent competent, recent scholarship but I was quickly disabused. There is no trace of the results of scholarly methods introduced between 1900 and 1920 and no hint of new information provided by archeologists during the last four decades. All of the named contributors—Wright, Whitehouse, Sandison, Fernie, Moody, MacMillan—died before World War I. This will not trouble those who make no use of the supplementary materials in their Bibles, yet there are many for whom they are important. It must be admitted that these study aids are an improvement on those often found in family Bibles, but this is faint praise. The material is so outdated that its reappearance in a new format has the effect of ignoring the results of a half-century of vigorous and creative scholarship.

The most impressive feature of these Bibles is the publication of the Scriptures and great art in a carefully executed setting, and the value of this is the prior, if not the primary issue.

The plates in the "Masterpiece Bibles" are beautiful and, to the best of my knowledge, represent fairly an important segment of the history of European art. The title, "Masterpiece Bible," is apt. But they are also reproduced here in the context of their original inspiration, and, had the publisher succeeded in making the initial unity of Scripture and art come alive, he would have restored to us an awareness of a dimension of both the Bible and the art used here now often forgotten. Unfortunately, in my judgment, this was not done.

My most persistent impression from studying the "Masterpiece Bible" is that it is two books bound as one, a traditional family Bible and a superbly illustrated, brief, truncated history of art. The commentaries provided with the plates contribute to this impression, for they almost wholly neglect the original Biblical and theological significance of the paintings, concentrating instead on art history and criticism. But the essential lifelessness of this combination of art and Scripture has, I think, more fundamental causes.

THE first is the difficulty of any art form to communicate when its conventions are no longer understood or have changed their form or value. Many of these paintings rely heavily on a Christian symbolism that was more widely understood when they were executed than writing was. Today the situation is so far reversed that a knowledge of such symbolism is as arcane as the ability to read once was. The convention of attempting to convey a sense of contemporaneity, of direct personal participation in the Biblical narrative, by using scenes taken from the artist's own time is still used (*vide* Gauguin's "The Yellow Christus"), but it is both less widely employed than formerly and breaks down, even when the convention is accepted, if the scene is no longer contemporary to the viewer. We are so fascinated by the report on then current building skills given us in Breughel the Elder's "The Tower of Babel," for example, that we fail to see what he intended to convey: that even the most modern of man's most prized skills produce the destructive frustrations described in the Biblical story if they are our only reliance.

The second question is whether art deals with "timeless truths" or with truth defined as the best description available of those fragments of reality that concern the artist and his generation. It is my impression that many art critics tend toward the former view, as do many theologians and philosophers; but the plates in the "Masterpiece Bible" seem to me to support the latter position.

The faithfulness with which art reflects the dominant temper of the artist's age is well known. In view of the supernaturalism and otherworldliness of medieval Christianity, is it accidental that Duccio (1255-1319) should be more preoccupied with depicting the central events of a miraculous story of salvation than with a faithful rendition of the minutiae of the earthly scenes in which such events were laid? Is the swift mastery by Renaissance painters of such technical questions as perspective unrelated to the increase of interest in this life? Is Rembrandt's skill in portraying the inward states of his subjects unrelated to his acceptance of the Protestant Reformation, which stressed this aspect in the relationship between God and man?

Which of the orientations just described represents the totality of timeless truth: the otherworldliness of the Middle Ages or the this-worldliness of the Renaissance and the present; the objective, juridical salvation of medieval thought or the inward relationship between God and man of the Reformation? This question must be asked with even greater force when we remember that the shifts in Christian concern reflected in the plates of the "Masterpiece Bible" have accelerated in the eighteenth to twentieth centuries. The esthetic value of the paintings reproduced here has increased during this period, but their relevance for the modern Christian has diminished.

Basically, the issue is the difference

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between art as a medium for expressing faith and art as decoration. For the reasons just given, I would classify most of the plates in the "Masterpiece Bible" as the latter. For the former, I suspect that we must turn to the work of contemporary artists who reflect, both in subject matter and technique, the interaction of the Hebrew-Christian tradition with the modern world.

The work of these artists is neither easily understood nor too palatable—at least partially because the world in which we live is chaotic—but a rejection of it for these reasons may be as much a condemnation of the vitality of one's faith as a reflection of one's esthetic values.

The "Masterpiece Bible" is a delight to the eyes, but its religious implications will please chiefly those who prefer a faith which cries "peace, peace when there is no peace."

Working with the Eternal Word

"The Learned Men," by Gustavus S. Paine *(Crowell. 212 pp. $4.75), describes the committee of fifty-four who translated the King James Bible. Roland H. Bainton has been Titus Street professor of ecclesiastical history at Yale since 1936.*

By Roland H. Bainton

WHEN George Abbot received the news that King James had chosen him to be the Archbishop of Canterbury, he declared himself to be "wonder-struck." The fifty-four translators of the King James Bible would have had good reason to say the same when they found their work actually brought to completion. The obstacles might well have proved insurmountable. There was first the problem of finding financial support for so many men during the course of several years. The King could not provide enough, and money was badly needed, for example, in the case of one man who, after commencing his labors, was left a widower with eleven children. Sickness and death were to be reckoned with and some members had to be replaced. There was also severe weather. At the conference with the King at Hampton Court, when the enterprise was launched, the cold was so intense that the monarch had to wear more clothes than his weak knees could well sustain. During the course of the labors of the committee, the Thames froze so solidly that coaches could pass over the ice and shops be erected upon it. The translators could keep their ink from freezing only immediately in front of the fireplace.

Moreover, there were difficulties of distance, inasmuch as the fifty-four were not all in the same vicinity. They were therefore divided into squads, centering around Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and to each certain books were assigned for translation. This is how Cambridge came to do the Song of Songs rather than because of any peculiarly amatory predilections. The greatest threat lay in the theological differences among the team. There were Puritans and there were High Churchmen. Archbishop Bancroft was an imperious overseer and so stalwart a defender of episcopacy that in Acts 1:20 in reference to the appointment of a successor to Judas, he proposed to translate: "His bishopric let another take." But the committee stood up to him on this point and won.

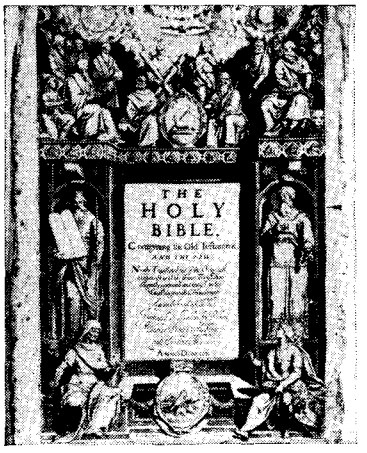
Of these men the only one from whose pen anything is read today was Lancelot Andrewes, whose private devotions discovered after his death were given by his disciples to the press. Layfield wrote an account of his trip to Puerto Rico in which there are some felicitous phrases. Dillingham wrote regarding matrimony "A Golden Key Opening the Lock of Eternal Happiness." The golden key was the wife's subjection.

Nor were all the fifty-four distinguished for saintliness. Prynne described one as "a debauched, drunken English Dutchman." Bancroft, the High Churchman on the committee, was tender toward the Puritan Chaderton, who had saved his life in a student brawl. Archbishop Abbot killed a man while hunting due to his maladroitness with the bow. John Overall, the Dean of St. Paul's, took time out to see the Jesuit Garnet drawn and quartered, and then returned to his labors.

These fifty-four were not geniuses and scarcely holy men. Yet they produced the greatest literary monument of the English tongue. They did so in part because they had a great work to translate, in part because they relied on the work of others who had labored before them. But even so there was still abundant scope for banality. When one sees from their notes the renderings proposed, one wonders what guided them to ultimate felicity. For Hebrews 11:1 a member of the committee suggested, "Faith is a most sure warrant of things, is a being of things hoped for, a discovery, a demonstration of things that are not seen." This became, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Again the reader wonders how the entire Bible came to exhibit such a unity of style. Miles Smith was the final reviser. Was it perhaps he who brought the parts into a whole?

Above all, that which produced the King James Version was the conviction on the part of fifty-four otherwise fairly pedestrian scholars that they were rendering the very word of God into their native tongue. The accents of the Eternal must receive through them a vesture dignified, chaste, and sonorous. The denunciation of the Lord reverberates in majestic thunder and the consolations of the Lord are attuned to David's harp.



Title page from the first folio edition of King James Version.

—From the book.

James I of England who had to provide for fifty-four translators.

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Retrospect and Prospect

FAIR WARNING: We are about to make some self-conscious anniversary noises. This issue marks our twentieth anniversary at this location. It's a long time even if you say it fast.

Journalistically speaking, I had been weaned on Lincoln Steffens and old copies of *McClure's* and *Everybody's;* the muckrakers had both made and written history. If you knew the score you knew that the free editor didn't have a chance. He was a pressure point on an assembly belt operated by remote control. The pressure came from owners, stockholders, advertisers, politicos—anyone, in fact, who had a claim on the front office. As for advertising, well, everyone also knew that you couldn't live without it but if you got it you couldn't live decently with it, either. Or so the muckrakers and the hard-boiled ex-newsmen said. It was a grim, dim view underscored in many of the books and plays about journalism during the Twenties and Thirties.

It didn't take me long on the *Saturday Review* to realize I had been weaned from the wrong bottle. My apprehensions belonged back on the shelf with the old copies of *McClure's* and *Everybody's*. The only pressure was to do a good job. The man who hired me, Harrison Smith, kept pushing me to accept one basic fact: to recognize that no one was holding me back and that I had his complete support. Amy Loveman, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benét, who had founded the magazine, not only did not resist change but ran the interference for it. Very early I became aware that there wasn't a more exciting or challenging assignment in American journalism. The feeling hasn't changed. To work with books and ideas; to see the interplay between a nation's culture and its needs; to have unfettered access to an editorial page which offers, quite literally, all the freedom in the world—this is a generous portion for any man.

More than one thousand issues of this weekly have been published since early 1940. During that time, not a single dishonorable request has been made of the editor to blunt a view or change it or to espouse one he happened not to believe in. Perhaps we weren't worth the pressure; whatever the case, the cynics and the supersophisticates happened to be wrong. Editorial freedom for us was not a myth or an abstraction; our main job was not to struggle for it but to justify it.

DURING fifteen of the twenty years, the magazine was owned by a man who happened privately not to agree with the editor politically. He was E. DeGolyer, a petroleum geologist and book collector. We were good friends; we shared mutual interests in books, libraries, folklore, tall tales, the theatre, Christopher Morley, philosophical speculation, innocent practical jokes, travel, and the antics of children. Our political ideas happened not to jibe. Mr. De probably thought I was on a wild tear with my notions of world federalism and the dangers of the nuclear arms race. Yet not once in the fifteen years of our association did he suggest or intimate that the tenor of the page be changed.

Mr. De was a key figure in the oil industry. He was also one of the most highly regarded and respected citizens of Dallas. One day, I received a telephone call at *SR* from an officer of a patriotic organization in Dallas. He said he had just learned that I was scheduled to speak in Dallas on the subject of peace, under the auspices of Quakers. He suggested I withdraw from the meeting, for his group intended to picket it. The meeting seemed to him to be questionable in terms of possible subversive associations. He pointed out politely that everyone connected with the meeting would be in the line of fire. Since Mr. DeGolyer owned the *Saturday Review*, my appearance might prove embarrassing to my boss in his home town.

I told the gentleman that I hoped he would look into the history and background of the Society of Friends, for it was quite possible that any embarrassment over the meeting might belong to those who accused the Quakers of subversion. In any event, if my appearance at the meeting would be embarrassing to Mr. DeGolyer, then Mr. De would have to tell it to me himself. I suggested the gentleman take the matter up with Mr. De.

He did so. The results were completely predictable. Mr. De told him to jump in the lake. He then telephoned the Quakers, asked if he could join the sponsors of the meeting, and volunteered to introduce me. He telegraphed a message saying he expected me to come to Dallas and to be sure to stay at the house.

THE moment it was announced that Mr. De would appear on the program, all opposition collapsed. There was no picket line, just an overflow crowd, many of them attracted no doubt by the prestige of Mr. De's name. The entire episode was one that would have made Mr. Oliver W. Holmes sing for joy.

It was the only time Mr. De had introduced me at a meeting or, for that matter, had heard me speak publicly. I can't remember a more generous introduction or one that touched me more deeply. On the way home, Mr. De congratulated me on the talk and added he didn't agree with a damned thing I had said. We laughed, then spent the rest of the evening talking about the new publishing program of the University of Oklahoma Press, the need for a new history of science, and the mess the Dodgers had made of the World Series.

Mr. De died three years ago, just before Christmas. It left a terrible hole

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in my life. He went by the political name of conservative; but he taught me a great deal about genuine liberalism and the largeness of the human spirit. He taught me, too, not to place stock in stereotypes—whether they went by the name of industrialists or intellectuals. The *Saturday Review* would not be possible without him. Some weeks before he died he told me he got a bigger kick out of the success of the magazine, after so many years at the bottom of the barrel, than out of his biggest oil strike. I knew he meant it. He never took a cent out of *SR*, and when there was no longer any question about its ability to go it alone, he transferred his ownership to the people who had the responsibility for publishing it. There aren't too many national magazines in which the editors enjoy such a situation; we don't take our good luck lightly.

This is not to say we haven't been under pressure or serious fire. Indeed, the magazine has only recently been publicly criticized because of its ventures beyond literature. It is made to appear that we are abandoning literature for all sorts of "extraneous" projects and causes, like one billion hungry people and the danger of a nuclear war. In fact, one literary critic on a television panel discussion said with a wave of the hand that *SR* was not really concerned about books; it was just concerned about "hydrogen bombs and things like that." We readily admit that the last part of the indictment is true. We *are* concerned about hydrogen bombs and "things like that." And not just with a wave of the hand. We happen to believe that nothing makes any sense in the world until the world makes sense on the question of peace. We like good books, but not many good books are going to be written on a smoking pile of rubble after a nuclear war. We don't see how writers serve the cause of the book by being concerned with very little beyond the book. Literature, good literature, is not just the manifestation of quality in reading experience. It is a prime reflection of life and the things that give life its meaning. It is not just an exercise in disenchantment or sterile criticism but an assertion of human awareness and purpose when faced with the inexplicable or the potentially shattering. Literature, if it is any good, must have something to do with the process by which a man comes fully alive.

We have no apologies to make for our concerns. We have apologies to make only for our inadequacies in furthering those concerns. We take our critics seriously but not all the criticisms seem relevant. In recent months, for example, the cry has gone up for sharp, severe book reviews. It is said that reviews are impossibly bland; that what is needed is a good cutting edge to deal with the mediocrity that dominates the publishing lists.

Forays like this are always certain to attract easy applause. Down with mediocrity! Up with quality! Curiously missing from all these cries are words like responsibility, fairness, perspective. Nor are important distinctions made in this new clamor for tough reviewing. The kind of detailed, expanded literary criticism that is the function of the scholarly journal or quarterly is not necessarily the function of a magazine dealing with the general field of current book publishing, as part of a broad cultural panorama. Books are not confined to belles-lettres; their range is universal; they deal with varied tastes and needs. The biggest part of the book review editor's job at *SR* is to make the original selections of the books to be reviewed from among the many thousands that pass across her desk each year. This selection process is in itself a form of effective literary criticism.

The reviewer must be concerned not solely or even primarily with his own pronouncements about the merits of the book; he must state the author's thesis even before he passes judgment on it; he must give some idea of what the book is all about; he must relate it to other books in the same field and to the previous output of the author; he must make clear his own yardstick of criticism. It is obviously impossible to write an essay on every book. Conversely, it is not always easy or fair to deal with a book in a single paragraph. These two suggestions, often coupled, aren't readily translatable into consistent editorial policy.

NO; we are not completely satisfied with our book reviews, any more than we are with any other section of the magazine. We can do better and intend to do better. But we are not going to plunge pell-mell into a showy, shiny, smart, brutal kind of literary criticism that will get us talked about and build us attachments perhaps among literary bullies (except when their own books are attacked) and those who feel that the only things in the arts worth discussing are the things that are cut up and made to look ridiculous. We do not intend to become an abattoir for the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent books.

Nor do we derive comfort from the fact that *The New York Times Book Review* section has been even more sharply attacked than *SR*. Indeed, the criticism of the *Times,* if anything, has been even more unfair. We were outraged the other day when we learned that some book publishers felt they should give the editor of the *Times Book Review* an opportunity at one of their lunches to "defend" himself against his critics. It is not necessary for Mr. Francis Brown to "defend" himself against the criticisms of book publishers or anyone else. No newspaper in the United States does as much for books and book publishing in general as *The New York Times.* The *Times Book Review* section is not a quarterly put out for the approbation of people of specialized interests. It is part of a newspaper and a darned good one. We expect that long after the supersophisticates and the know-everythings have gone, the *Times* will continue to serve its readers in a way that best meets their needs.

One final word. We do not consider that the *Saturday Review* has yet hit upon a finished editorial formula. It is still in the shaping stage; it is still seeking its full development as a magazine that deals with ideas and not just with products. It does not yet adequately address itself to the varied life of the thoughtful mind, expressing what we hope are valid concerns validly arrived at. We'd like to increase the scope of our book review section, but we'd also like to deal much more fully with the entire world of communications and education. Soon, perhaps, if we are lucky, we will be able to have separate supplements for these two fields to go along with the present monthly sections on recordings and science.

At the end of twenty years on one job, a man realizes that, for better or worse, it is probably his life's work. Yet the feeling of mellowness that usually accompanies such a reflection has not set in, at least not yet. The early excitement persists; the look and feel of the next issue is still a major event. The business of sharing ideas and concerns is still the most rewarding business in the world. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE ON THE BEATS

JOHN CIARDI'S ARTICLE "Epitaph for the Dead Beats" [*SR*, Feb. 6] was most illuminating. While mulling it over afterward, it occurred to me how valuable it would be if these same young people could be fired with the idea of helping to create a better world by fighting for cessation of the nuclear arms race and for a world government.

Surely their revolt against our civilization must result at least partly from the terrible impasse into which we've got ourselves. Couldn't their rebellious young spirits be put to good use if they organized themselves into a body, crusading for something not only worth while but essential, instead of dealing in the exhibitionism which has led to such a dead end?

I can well understand the despair of the "beat generation" regarding this legacy of destruction which our advanced science has so ably developed and handed to them. Let their challenge be that of helping us to open our eyes in order to find out where we're heading.

ALICE GIOVANELLA.

Kezar Falls, Me.

I WOULD LIKE to express a note of praise for your February 6 issue. I am at many times at odds with *SR*, but in my opinion John Ciardi's article was one of first-class perception. It is destined to become a classic. Such an article does what a magazine should do: it comments with insight on contemporary life and triggers some thought and criticism.

BYRON ACKERMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

BEFORE I DASH to my first class of the new semester, in which I will try to unsettle the brains of the unrebellious generation, I want to remark upon "Epitaph for the Dead Beats."

I find that John Ciardi vividly sums up my general observation: the beatniks are petering out. . . . My one real criticism of the article is that it doesn't directly attack the roots of the culture that gave rise to the beatniks, although there is in it a slight flank-assault upon the rotten commercializers, the what's-in-it-for-me exploiters of the Madison Avenue ilk. These men and allied forces have twisted the beat movement for their own purposes, but if they had kept their profiteering hands off the movement and not made it seem sillier than it was, something lastingly constructive might have emerged from it.

So I will begin teaching the new security-seekers, with nary a beatnik among them. Only a few, near the breakdown stage in their attempt to integrate their healthy attitudes and ideas with their conditioned and overriding urge to become "successful" Americans, have the awareness to possibly rebel. The rest are aware of nothing more important than earning passable grades toward a degree which is worth some money. I'm wondering if there can be a new rebellion of the younger generation. It's almost impossible to teach them what is potent in the traditional against which they might rebel.

The only other form of rebellion that I have observed is the reactionary gutter-snipe variety that dislikes liberalism and goes around painting swastikas.

PHILIP ALLAN FRIEDMAN,
Los Angeles State College.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"We have a report that some fellow named Bach is being murdered here."

FOR THE RECORD

IN MY "Poetry Quarterly" in *SR*'s February 6 issue, someone inadvertently dropped part of a sentence as my article made its jump from page 22 to page 39. In case any readers are interested, the full sentence said nothing more startling than: "It is a genre which should now be added to the long list of established forms."

KIMON FRIAR.

New York, N. Y.

FLAMING FIFTIES

I READ WITH INTEREST Cleveland Amory's comments on the importation of British secretaries, and the sad state of the female labor market in general [FIRST OF THE MONTH, *SR*, Feb. 6]. I believe my own recent experience will be of interest to you.

I am the suburban variety of housewife-mother and, at fifty-two, decided it was high time I went back to work. To my amazement (a) I got a job immediately, and (b) no one even raised an eyebrow about my age. Since then several of my contemporaries have had the same experience. We certainly add nothing to the glamour of an office. The most iron-willed dieting does not disguise the flabby muscles, the middle-age spread. We are as dependent upon our glasses as bats on their built-in radars. Our hair is either gray or dyed. But investigation reveals two significant factors:

For the most part, we were educated in the Twenties. We had to know how to read and spell to graduate from grammar school; we had to know how to punctuate and conjugate to graduate from high school.

Our working habits were born and nurtured in the Depression. They are with us yet. We thought you had to work hard and creditably on a job in order to keep it. If a rush job required staying overtime, we stayed. We only went to the ladies' room if we absolutely had to. A cup of coffee was just about what we could afford for lunch, and that's when we had it.

Perhaps if this slight trend for hiring older women should snowball, the changes in attitude you mentioned might come about automatically. There's nothing like incentive. What could be more humiliating to the "sour girl graduate" than to find that her chief competition comes from the faded flappers of the flaming Twenties?

FRANCES H. CURRAN.

Roslyn, N. Y.

THE BEST LAID PLANS . . .

THE NEXT TIME you publish information about a TV program coming up, will you please try to have the facts straight? I wasted an hour looking for Steve Allen's "Meeting of the Minds" on Monday evening, February 1.

PERRY A. BRICK.

Danbury, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Unfortunately, Steve Allen wasted many hours planning "Meeting of the Minds" before he learned from NBC that he was "not contractually free" to put the program on the air. The news came after SR had gone to press.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

At Home with Stokowski—Simionato's Amneris

RAPTURE ABOUNDED in Carnegie Hall as Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra performed there together for the first time in nineteen years. And why not? Each brings out something in the other that nothing else can, and together they achieve results that performing groups elsewhere can only envy.

It is conventional to say of Stokowski that he can make any orchestra of competent players sound like the "old" Philadelphia—a truism that may be extended now to include the new Philadelphia. In a subtle way, this remains his orchestra, though only thirty-six of the present personnel were performing when he last appeared before them in March, 1941. Among the "new" sixty-nine, however, are many direct products (from the Curtis Institute especially) of men who headed sections created by Stokowski. Hence when John de Lancie blew an oboe solo beautifully in "Pines of Rome" it aroused echoes of his peerless predecessor (and professor) Marcel Tabuteau, just as Mason Jones's perfect placement of a horn tone in "El Amor Brujo" recalled the celebrated Horners (aptly named for their profession). Among those present was the ageless William Kincaid, as fine a flutist as ever.

All of this spoke an implied tribute to the tight ship that Eugene Ormandy has been running all these years; for the orchestra withstood these "time trials," under the arduous conditions imposed by the older master—Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" overture, played with nine double basses and a dozen celli, Falla's "Amor Brujo," Respighi's "Pines," and the Shostakovitch No. 5. In addition to "handling" beautifully, it veered and turned, slowed and accelerated at the slightest touch from the bridge (a remarkable aluminum-covered affair).

Proof of the enjoyment Stokowski was having (and giving) was contained in the performances themselves—precisely drawn, deftly colored, without eccentricity or alteration. With all the heavy bass (arranged across the back, with the celli just in front and the woodwinds at the conductor's right), the "Figaro" overture could hardly trip lightly, but it sounded as if only half the sixty strings were playing—which, after all, was the point of the whole demonstration. For the Falla, the orchestra was joined by Shirley Verrett-Carter, a tall young mezzo (the program note suggests she is still at Juilliard) whose swarthy skin was matched by a voice of equally dusky hue. For legitimate reasons of a flamenco sound, the basic quality was somewhat disguised, resulting in a performance of arousing intensity.

The evening's entertainment reached an ear-tingling climax in the crescendo that brought the "Pines" to a massively sonorous end without a suggestion of noise. Little wonder the orchestra refused to rise, joining instead in the audience's applause: it was their tribute to leadership that made the most of the orchestra's collective talents.

ACCORDING to legend, the mature Mozart is supposed to have said of the immature Beethoven: "He will make a noise in the world." The same thing might be said of the not so immature (thirty-two years old) George Rochberg, whose second symphony had its first New York performance in the last of the season's concerts by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. But one is also moved to ask: will he likewise make some music? The energy and impulse that asserted themselves in this score are by no means unimpressive; but after the tenth or twelfth drum roll, cymbal crash, or other outcry, the tonal gestures tended to be menacing but not convincing. Rochberg is devoted to the "row" system of organizing texture, with a blueprint of four simultaneous ones included in the explanatory matter. After a while, the complaint common to such writing obtrudes: lack of textual contrast, insufficient points of rest and regeneration. Szell's all-out effort was more productive in the D minor symphony of Schumann, which was thoroughly well performed. Leon Fleisher was the piano soloist in Mozart's C major (K. 503) concerto.

Another kind of malaise afflicted the playing by the Boston Symphony of Leon Kirchner's "Toccata" for strings, solo winds, and percussion (1956) — ineffective leadership. Lest it seem that Charles Münch has lost his well-respected touch, it should be mentioned that he turned the orchestra over to the composer for the performance of his own work—a task for which Kirchner is as yet insufficiently equipped. Beating time and signaling entrances are simple enough: but shading and defining the strands of sound in a work of this intricacy are quite other matters. The good esteem for Kirchner is not to be compromised by the half-exposure thus afforded his Toccata; typically good ideas were audible in the earlier going. But as the texture (and the musical plot) thickened, it all tended to become an opaque mezzo forte. Münch was present to conduct the Sibelius violin concerto, in which Ruggiero Ricci was the enlivening soloist, and the Beethoven "cinque."

Something of a similar situation prevailed at the week's Philharmonic program, in which a novelty was also presented not by the orchestra's regular conductor. But in this case it was the capable Seymour Lipkin who presided over David Diamond's "World of Paul Klee," a thirteen-minute prelude to Mahler's second symphony. Leonard Bernstein conducted this with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Regina Resnick, mezzo, and the Rutgers University Choir.

With or without acquaintance with Klee's paintings (and mine is nil), Diamond's four segments (unified by a kind of "frame" à la Moussorgsky) are an engaging experience. In a departure from his previous practices, Diamond also has turned to a "row" for new resources. But he treats it as a means rather than a discipline, selecting what suits his imaginative purpose and rejecting what doesn't. The sum of it would seem to be that the music is in the man, not in the system—and Diamond's orchestral concept, his refinement of touch, and power of imagery show that there is considerable music in this man. "Dance of the Grieving Child," "The Black Prince," "Pastorale," and "Twittering Machine" are his subject heads, but "The World of Paul Klee" amounts to four facets of Diamond himself.

As a result of the musical chess Birgit Nilsson has been engaged in recently (Sullivan's Gambit accepted), her expected Metropolitan appearance in "Fliegende Holländer" was checked ("flu" was the mate move). During the same week Giulietta Simionato returned from Italian engagements to sing her first Amneris in "Aïda" with characteristic poise and artistic purpose. Much as she applies herself to it, however, the role is not one for which she is well favored. What used to be called the "physique du rôle" is not in her compact frame, and the kind of intensity she commands is unrelenting and insistent for this part. Finally, she lacks the middle-register richness to give full effect to Verdi's extensive use of it in this music. Her excellent low notes bore down relentlessly on Aïda in the first scene of Act II, and she has the upper range to make herself heard at all times, but the middle ground in which Amneris has her musical being is not Simionato's *terra cognita*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Cowboys and Croupiers

WHILE THE East shivers and thinks of Florida and the Caribbean, the West, while not exactly shivering, has its own winter retreats, which are Palm Springs, Las Vegas, and Arizona—and of course, more and more these jet days, Hawaii. It is not exactly outdoorsy in Las Vegas, and in fact I'm not at all sure, after a short sojourn there, that it is even healthy. But it is, no getting around it, both a phenomenon and a tonic, and a wonderful way to start down the garden path of dissipation, disintegration, and ultimate ruin.

It must have been brought to your attention before now that Las Vegas is, like most resort cities, divided into two parts, the commercial center and the play area, in this case the Strip. The commercial center is not exactly all business, unless you count gambling as a business, for Fremont Street is a sort of Grand Boulevard of Chance, lined as it is with garish casinos known by such names as the Golden Nugget, the Boulder Club, the Horseshoe Club, and the Mint (whose slogan is "Coining Pleasure All the Time"). The Golden Nugget is finished in a motif I would have to call Early Western Saloon, and the prime point of its decor, a vision that stays with me and appears in my mind on call, is the ceiling of the bar, which is held up by two carved maidens who are ever mindful of their responsibility even though they have been set upon by two carved satyrs.

Las Vegas has, if anything, a rather overdeveloped sense of duty and righteousness. Anyone who hangs around for any time at all will be regaled with tales about the civic-minded community and how everyone devotes his life to the PTA. The list of churches is prominent on every hotel billboard (hard by the gaming wheels) and there are supposed to be more houses of worship per capita than anywhere else in the country. Our Lady of Vegas Church, in tune with the tenor of the local ways, holds masses for show people and anybody else awake, on hand, and in need at 4:30 Sunday mornings, in the Venus Room of the New Frontier Hotel. Incidentally, the municipal marriage chapel is open around the clock.

THE big resort hotels that comprise the Strip are strung out on either side of Highway 91, which cuts across the floor of Paradise Valley on its way to Los Angeles, about five driving hours away. It is part of the curiosity of Las Vegas that what was last year's tract of barren, brown, seemingly unusable desert is this year's giant, throbbing hotel, complete with gambling parlor, air-conditioned rooms, lavish restaurants, bars, and a supper club complete with the best talent that big money can buy. Among the establishments that have blossomed on what I thought was fallow desert is the Riviera, which, unlike most Vegas hotels, is built up instead of out. A garden of pines, palms, and olive trees blends nicely with the red brick walls to give it a sort of Mexican air. There is a long alley of shops inside, including a combination barber shop and haberdashery that was displaying, on the day I ambled by, white brocade vests for men. The Riviera is operated by one Benny Goffstein, a former Hearst circulation man. I'm not sure I understand how one effects the transition, but who can argue with success?

Swimming pool at Las Vegas's Riviera—in the desert wastelands, an oasis of palms, olive trees, and brocade vests.

In the opinion, if not the exact words, of the local cab drivers, the most genteel of all the Strip hotels is the Tropicana, whose huge fountain plays in front of its porte-cochère, farther out along Highway 91 than any other hotel. From its lobby and entranceway, two big wings—each a sort of rough V—spread out into the desert to enclose a garden. The decorations have been done in low-key pastels, which is a switch for Vegas, and the whole thing is supposed to have cost $15 million. I have on hand some fascinating bits of news about the Tropicana, including the rare intelligence that the air conditioning installed in the hotel would cool over 1,000 houses in Death Valley in midsummer, that enough concrete was poured into the hotel to build 140 miles of two-lane freeway, and that enough paint was used to decorate 600 three-bedroom houses inside and out, all of which might well have proved alternative ventures even more laudable than building the Tropicana itself. Both the paging system and the canned music can be heard underwater in the pool, which makes it, I guess, the only hotel on the Strip offering music to drown by.

Now then, when it comes to the new hotel called the Stardust, words would indeed have failed me if it weren't for that gem *phantasmagoria*, which fortunately I had standing by. It's the biggest anything I have ever seen, and I include the Jama Mosque of Delhi and Boyle's Thirty Acres. For one thing, the Stardust is built on forty acres, which requires newly checked-in guests to be transported to their quarters, variously named after the planets and constellations, in electrically operated golf carts. For another, its cavernous lobby is a wild jamboree of games of chance and those taking a chance on them. Like all Strip hotels, the Stardust has both a large nightclub and a small lounge. To fill the nightclub, which it does twice nightly, the management has imported the revue from Le Lido of Paris. In between the shows, which most hotels stage at 8:00 P.M. and again at midnight, other acts appear in the lounge, a lesser room where one can come and go at will. (It is fervently hoped by the respective managements that when one *goes* it is to the gaming tables.) There were five acts performing in the Stardust Lounge,

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headed by Billy Williams when I was there, but the show from Le Lido was only one of the two imported from France currently on view in town. The other was the whole production from the Folies-Bergère, which had, lock, stock, and G-string, been brought over from Paris and installed in the Theatre Restaurant of the Tropicana.

The New Frontier had found a show in the Orient and with some daring, I thought, had brought to the American desert a tremendous spectacle called Holiday in Japan. I must say it ran a long gamut from a beautiful processional of traditional Japan all the way to a naked dance that matched anything dispatched to the mesa by the Folies-Bergère.

Those hotels which had not imported shows from abroad were displaying the biggest names of Broadway and Hollywood. With no more than normal stamina one could take in two of these extravaganzas a night with time for a little lounge-watching in between. The wheels and the bones go on all night, of course, and most hotels open chuck wagons at midnight where huge buffets cost two dollars or so for all you can eat. If you get bored along about 4:00 A.M. you can always have a roast beef sandwich, visit the dice table, or get married.

AFTER a short stretch at this kind of living I doffed my hat to the late Senator McCarran, whose bust decorates the Las Vegas airport (named for him), and flew off with the birdmen of TWA toward the sunlands of Phoenix. It was a warm and faultless day in Arizona, just an hour or so later, with not a cloud in the sky nor a chip visible on any table.

We drove out into the burgeoning desert, which in the years since I last viewed it has sprouted a covering crop of houses, pools, shopping centers, hotels, and resorts. If I hear one more well-intentioned assessor of the local scene tell me, "If you had bought ten acres of this land twelve years ago. . . ," I may never leave home again. Camelback Inn, which, if my dimming memory serves, was practically an oasis in the purple desert not so very many years ago, now seems part of an active community that has appropriated virtually all the available land that lies in the shadow of Camelback Mountain. At the Camelback Inn, adobe houses, called casas here, are sprinkled around the grounds and are about as luxuriously appointed as any desert retreat from California to Kuwait. You can install yourself in one at anywhere from $20 to $32 a day, depending upon the casa and the time of year. The rate includes three meals, three tennis courts, one pool, morning newspaper, daily supervised program for children, putting, movies, parking (Miami Beach papers please copy), and playing privileges at the Paradise Valley Country Club.

Like most of the resorts in the neighborhood, Camelback closes in the spring and sits baking and unused all summer long. A new establishment called Mountain Shadows pioneered the summer season last year, however, and reports a houseful during most of July and August. It does get a bit toasty around Phoenix come the summer, but Mountain Shadows has air-conditioned rooms, a pool that is double Olympic size, and of course the cool shadow of the mountains. Brightly painted cabanas have been planted all around the pool, with the guest rooms built on a tier above them.

While Phoenix is growing in enormous bounds, the resort center is clustering around Scottsdale, twelve miles away. Scottsdale, a village when I looked last, is a manufactured Western town complete with the proper façades, hitching posts, and now and then a horse tied up alongside the lavender Thunderbirds. Behind the false face is a large collection of specialty shops, gift corners, and notion nooks that one might expect to find in Nantucket, East Hampton, and Carmel. For the youngster there is the Toy Korral, for the dog there is Kanine Klothes, and for self-improvement there is a beauty and barber shop done up in pink brick. Goldwater's, the Phoenix store owned by the Senator from Arizona, has a branch out here and it was doing a brisk business the day I stopped by, in pint-sized editions of old-style cars, just the thing for the ranch at $385. They must still use horses out in the ranches for I saw a gaggle of them tied up at the hitching post in front of the bright yellow façade of an elegant dress shop. I suppose the ladies *do* dress up, but when you see a pretty girl whizzing by in a convertible here in the decorated desert, she will likely be wearing a cowboy jacket complete with leather-fringed sleeves.

Cars in Scottsdale are provisioned at Bob Hutchins's Auto Livery Stable, while the ranch folk themselves repair to places like Lulu Belle's Victorian Saloon, an establishment cloaked in red damask walls and fitted with gilded chairs and a gilt-flecked mirror. The house specialties are Diamond Jim Brady New York Cut Eastern Corn Fed Beef and Dealer's Choice Filet Mignon. The chill nights are warmed at a place called El Chorro, just outside town, by a roaring fire where you can sip a drink while waiting for the steaks to sizzle. Among those on hand the other night were Elliot Roosevelt, now a local resident, and Prince John of Lichtenstein, who operates a Scottsdale gourmet specialty shop known as the Prince's Pantry. I'm not sure that either personality has excited much of a ripple among the local folk, for my cicerone, speaking of this representative of European royalty the other day, dismissed Prince John as "that fellow who runs the delicatessen."

COWBOYS, Indians, and Mexicans still inhabit Scottsdale, although I can't help but feel they are on retainers to provide the local color. At any rate most of them sit on benches in the vicinity of the J. Chew Market, a place which advertises Pan Dulce, Mexican sweet bread, and Carta Blanca Mexican beer. If most of the Indians seem to have vanished from this fashionable frontier, their handicrafts are very much in evidence in Scottsdale, where it competes with a purple basket store and any number of those precious emporia stuffed full of Spanish straw rugs, Haitian lamps, Indian bells, and Thai silk scarves. The Many Goats Trading Post—that monicker stops 'em, all right—has some lovely turquoise jewelry, guaranteed Indian-made, and the work of the Zunis, Navajos, and Hopis is in artful display, as well, at the House of the Six Directions. (The extra two directions are father sky and mother earth.)

The Indian Arts shows original paintings by Indian artists, notably Beatian Yazz and Tsinajinie Kai-sa, Hopi designs on silver for Zippo lighters, inlaid turquoise jewelry by the Taos Indians, and small rugs dyed with vegetable tints and woven by Indians which carried the rather formidable price tag of $900. A spirited cult of collectors who specialize in Kachina dolls made by the Hopi has developed, and several shops in Scottsdale have kachinas for sale, some more authentic than others. There are three aspects to a kachina. One is a figment of the Hopi imagination, a supernatural being; the second is the Indian who impersonates this concept; and the third are the dolls carved in the likeness of the impersonator. The dolls are what the collectors collect, there being some 300 or so known kachinas, all of them carved from cottonwood roots with a knife and a rasp. Probably the best collection of kachinas on public display runs along a wall at Goldwater's and includes over 400 dolls.

The Southwest does make an active effort to preserve its lore, all right, and anybody interested in it ought to visit the Heard Museum. Among the exhibits there are complete instructions on how to shrink a human head. Let Las Vegas top that one. All they can do up there is shrink a wallet.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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TV AND RADIO

Protestants and the Electronic Goliath

A SIGNIFICANT development in the relationship between religious faiths and the broadcasting industry is the increasing sophistication of the Protestant broadcasters. They have come a long way from their early exclusive dedication to getting their services "on the air." They are beginning to understand (as Dr. John W. Bachman writes in his new Association Press book, "**The Church in the World of Radio-Television**") that "the most important influence on religious attitudes almost undoubtedly comes from 'secular' programs." This being true, the Protestant churches are deciding that it is not enough to present religious broadcasts; that broadcasting as a whole, in all its cultural manifestations, must be brought under the scrutiny of a Christian viewpoint that is reinforced by the worldly weapons of the social sciences. Now, if this scrutiny could become a major preoccupation of the Protestant denominations *off the air*, with the heavy artillery of their own communications channels brought to bear on the consciousness of their congregations, it is conceivable that some important secular as well as Christian results would follow; that broadcasting would begin studying the "impact" of the churches instead of the other way around.

Dr. Bachman, who is professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York, takes an impressive position in his examination of radio-TV. He is comprehensive in his coverage of all the important facets of the industry's impact: he recognizes fairly the market-place problems of the broadcasters; he does not absolve the church and the other institutions from responsibility for the value-context in which radio-TV operates. He urges a policy of creative collaboration, of constructive criticism of the media by the churches. He calls for Christian advertisers and broadcasters to make a difficult "vocational witness" in their business decisions. He proposes that churchmen bear willingly the cross of active engagement in the realities of the radio-TV world, with the firm faith that the medium can be redeemed to serve God's purposes. To the skeptic one of the more impressive features of the book may be the acute analysis of the electronic Goliath's sins. Dr. Bachman perceives that "planned obsolescence" is the deity—and the motivated consumer his image and likeness—in the profane television testament.

The author is aware of the uncertainties inherent in all research on the social effects of the mass media; but he quite properly lays the major share of the blame for the poverty of the research attack at the door of the broadcasters, whose financial outlay for sales research has been much more generous. He notes the frustration of the artist in TV-radio, the weakness of the regulatory system; and he wrestles with the paradox of pervasive poor taste in the most culturally privileged democracy in history. "Wrestles" is the key word for understanding Dr. Bachman's analysis; for here is an observer struggling in a complex situation to discover God's will rather than to pronounce it. He abandons the struggle perhaps too quickly when he considers the possibility of any form of Federally operated broadcasting, perpetuating the myth (so heartily endorsed by the industry) that the very idea of such a thing is utterly alien to the American way. He recognizes that the radio-TV industry has no "internal corrective force"; but then he arrives at the familiar, less-than stirring conclusion that hope for improvement lies in the enlightenment of management.

DR. Bachman participated in a recent two-year study by a commission of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA on "The Role of Radio, TV, and Films in Religion." While his book represents only one churchman's views, it unofficially reflects the thinking of the study commission. Only one other book ("The TV-Radio Audience and Religion," by Parker, Barry, and Smythe, 1955) has attempted this kind of philosophical analysis in depth. The Protestant leaders would do well to back their broadcasting specialists in continuing critical exploration both in research and in the communication of the results within the faith. Churchgoers are also the TV-radio audiences. It is not so much the broadcasters who need "enlightenment" as the Sunday pew-sitters who find no difficulty reconciling their spiritual food with their entertainment ingestion. "The Church in the World of Radio-Television" could profitably be reviewed from every Protestant pulpit, and read by every churchgoer.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Stages West

JUST WHEN it was beginning to look as if the last switch on the Western formula had been pulled, Paramount has rushed in with a new variation, "**Heller in Pink Tights,**" that suggests there is still plenty of pay-dirt lying around out there. Gold is where you find it, and this particular lode contains the rich theatrical lore of the boom-town opry houses and gaslit stages adjoining the more elegant saloons. It is an aspect both of the West and of the American theatre that has been strangely ignored by our films and our literature—and especially strange because, as "Heller" amply illustrates, the raw materials are filled with color and excitement.

Based on Louis L'Amour's novel "Heller with a Gun," the picture follows a band of itinerant players in the 1880s, with their two gaudy wagons of scenery and costumes, on their hazardous trek to carry culture west of Cheyenne. En route they encounter hostile Indians and even more hostile sheriffs, overfriendly gun-slingers, and equally dangerous saloon proprietors. In short, there is plenty of action interspersed between generous excerpts from such period favorites as "La Belle Hélène" and "Mazeppa."

In these re-creations, however, lies the greatest fascination of the piece. Lovingly staged by George Cukor, artfully designed by George Hoyningen-Huene, carefully researched in every detail, they capture both the fustian and the magic of a living theatre. It was a theatre of melodramatic rodomontade and wonderful illusion, an extraordinary contrast at once with the rough lives of the people out front and the daily hardships of the mummers themselves. Cukor has caught this contrast very neatly, aided by the zestful performances of Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, Steve Forrest, and Eileen Heckart. And if at times the script has a tendency to wobble, the film itself is happily saved from disaster by the freshness of its Wild West milieu and its tempestuous troupe of actors.

"**Home from the Hill,**" based on William Humphrey's distinguished first novel, proves in its film incarnation to be a sort of "Peyton Place South," another cross section of a seemingly respectable community caught with its pants down. All of the now-familiar ingredients are included—unbridled lust, violent death, bastardy (twice over, in this case), and various manifestations of the peculiar meanness of spirit that novelists enjoy detailing as characteristics of small-town life. Much of it here seems contrived and synthetic; basically, the material is not only repugnant, but unedifying. What is the picture trying to prove?

Nevertheless, director Vincente Minnelli has managed to breathe a semblance of life into the script by his adroit handling of many of the scenes and all of the cast. He has a keen eye for the bits and pieces of Americana that lend a sense of verisimilitude to his people—the bright, superficial exchanges at soda fountain or supermarket, the gaggle of loafers spinning out the evening hours in the town square, the edgy camaraderie of a cheap saloon. And he has an uncanny ability to make actors behave like people. Certainly, Robert Mitchum as the brawny, satyric Captain Hunnicutt has not given a performance as good as this in years, while young George Peppard and George Hamilton, with the most demanding roles in the film, come off like veterans. Even here, though, Minnelli is hobbled by his material. With all the good will in the world, one is not able to accept Peppard's likable Rafe Copley as wholly believable, nor Hamilton's admirable portrait of the junior Hunnicutt as fully realized. The substance of these characters is missing—and with it, the compulsion to follow them through a long two hours to the film's unresolved conclusion.

THE tide has already begun to run out on France's well-publicized "New Wave," with the young directors rushing heedlessly across the thin line that separates the unconventional from the crassly commercial. Certainly, few pictures in recent years have been so deliberately designed to shock and titillate—and sell—as Robert Hossein's "**Nude in a White Car,**" with Hossein as writer, director, and star. He has cast himself as the victim-hero in this erotic, wishful dream, a young man who moves into the Riviera home of two beautiful, wealthy girls, one of whom is a nymphomaniac (and drives a white Cadillac). Which twin had the Caddy, he asks, as if it really mattered to him or to the audience. Both of them, as played by Marina Vlady and Odile Versois, seem equally attractive—and accessible.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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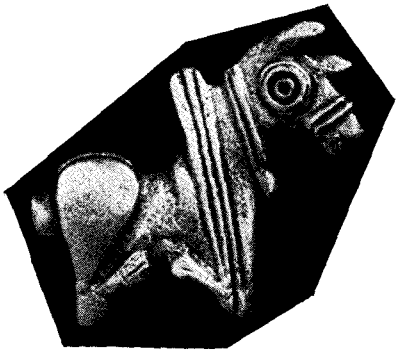

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Free Dissociation Test

THE PROTAGONIST of Albert Camus's "**Caligula**" has two things in common with Hitler and Stalin: power, and the courage to pursue, with ruthless logic, the absolute truth of life as he sees it. For example, when the young Roman emperor is told that the Treasury is all-important to the welfare of the state (dialectical materialism?), he immediately orders everyone with any capital to leave his money to the state, then proceeds to execute these citizens as the Treasury's need arises. He also faces the logical consequence of his own atheism by impersonating one of the gods and forcing the hypocritically reverent to worship him with sarcastic litanies, such as "Give me your passions without object, your griefs devoid of reason, your raptures that lead nowhere."

And he can logically defend his thousands of executions as less terrible than the acts of other emperors who have caused far greater loss of life with wars.

But Hitler and Stalin were "real tyrants who sacrificed whole nations to their ideals and ambitions." Caligula, who believes that nothing lasts, uses his power only "to compensate for the hatred and stupidity of the gods."

He makes himself as free as the gods by destroying a proportionate scale of values for human behavior. If everyone is as guilty as everyone else (Freudian psychology?), people are freed to do whatever satisfies their innermost desires, no matter what the expense to others. The price of complete freedom is chaos.

M. Camus's play demonstrates that while the world may have every logical reason to disbelieve in gods and to scorn human weakness and stupidity, its only salvation is to behave as if these things were not so.

This paradox is fairly tested by a representative variety of characters: Caligula, "alive," free, and desperately agonized; Scipio, the young poet, who is infected by his complete comprehension of Caligula, but who creates poetry rather than deeds; Cherea, the philosopher-assassin, who also finds points of similarity between himself and Caligula but deliberately represses them in order to live in a secure world; Caesonia, the emperor's mistress, who is content simply to love Caligula; Helicon, the ex-slave bodyguard, who finds what he wants in life by zealously doing his job; and assorted patricians who are as stupid, hypocritical, and cowardly as executives of any age are apt to be. The latter deserve the contempt they earn from Caligula.

Obviously "Caligula" is most provocative when it can be related to our own lives, our own hypocrisies, and our own attitudes. Unfortunately, the current production emphasizes the exotic aspects of the action: the spectacle of Roman barbarism, the sex orgy, and the colorfully mad behavior of Caligula.

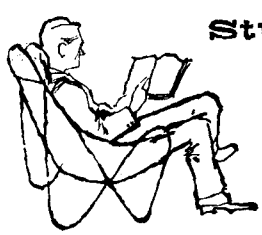
Soldiers in open-bellied armor, courtesans in diaphanous gowns, and togamantled caricatures of fawningly corrupt patricians attempt to fill a huge platform stage accessible by a bewildering complex of stairs that seem to come from one nowhere and lead merely to another.

DIRECTOR Sidney Lumet has overspiced M. Camus's austere preparation. For instance, in Justin O'Brien's published translation Caligula has the wife of one of his banquet guests brought to sit beside him. As he talks to the poor husband, Caligula "tickles the wife's shoulder playfully with his tongue." He then excuses himself and leads her to an adjoining room offstage. A little later he returns the wife to her husband "with thanks." He points out to the infuriated man that jealousy is a disease of sanity and the imagination. Then, as husband and wife leave, we see Caligula enjoy the lesson he has taught. But in this production the scene is elaborated upon. Caligula unbuttons the wife's dress to let his hands roam over her body right in front of the guests. And after she is returned to her husband, the wife slaps her husband's face for not protecting her honor with his life. Thus an attempt by Camus to explain the purity of Caligula's didactic rape becomes merely a sexy and theatrical demonstration of degradation.

On the credit side is the performance of Kenneth Haigh, who brings to Caligula the same sense of dissociation with an unsatisfactory world that he brought to the hero of "Look Back in Anger." At moments Mr. Haigh reminds one of Olivier in his way of standing and in the audaciousness with which he refuses to speak a line until it has caught fire inside him.

No doubt the necessity of being a Broadway hit in a large theatre led its producers to make "Caligula" into "Quo Vadis." But anyone who saw the Théâtre National Populaire's production of "Lorenzaccio" last year will testify to the effectiveness of a streamlined, austere approach to a play which also depended upon our concentrating on the passion of the protagonist rather than on the lurid incidental detail. That "Caligula" did not have such an approach is regrettable, for even in its present form one can sense the mind and heart of a writer with an extraordinary determination to explore the farthest reaches of the human condition.

—HENRY HEWES.



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THE HINGE OF HISTORY. *By Carl Michelson. Scribners.* $3.95. Here the Christian faith is examined existentially, using the historical method as an instrument of theological understanding, and the result is a stimulating contribution to modern theological thought.

THE LIVING STORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. *By W. Russell Bowie. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95. Writing with simplicity and power, Dr. Bowie gives us again the story of Jesus and this time in thirty-seven short chapters that present the New Testament as living history. There are twenty-three dramatic new illustrations by Douglas Rosa, which help the reader to imagine that he is there.

THE BLIND SEER. *By John C. Tyler. Philosophical Library.* $4.75. The blind Scottish theologian, best known for his hymn "O Love, That Wilt Not Let Me Go," is here the subject of a warm and understanding study of the man and his work in the fields of theology, preaching and poetry.

OTTOMAN IMPERIALISM AND GERMAN PROTESTANTISM. *By Stephen A. Fischer-Galati. Harvard University Press.* $4. A careful study of the conflicting Ottoman and Hapsburg imperialism and their effect on the rise of Lutheranism in Germany, derived from primary sources not easily available.

THE LATER HERODS. *By Stewart Browne. Abingdon.* $6.50. This volume supplies the political background of the New Testament, and describes vividly the careers of such as Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero in relationship to the ministries of John the Baptist, Jesus, and Paul of Tarsus.

THY WILL BE DONE. *By Arthur Wilson. Dial.* $3.95. The autobiography of an Episcopal minister who was forced to choose between the church and the woman he loved.

THE CRUEL GOD. *By Margaret B. Crook. Beacon Press.* $3.50. A new and provocative study of the Book of Job in which the poet-author is seen as the founder of a new school for advanced studies in Babylonia, and is here at work among his students examining the problems of the day.

FOOTPRINTS OF A DREAM. *By Howard Thurman. Harper.* $3. The moving story of the founding of the first fully integrated church in the U.S., The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in San Francisco.

HOW TO SERVE GOD IN A MARXIST LAND. *By Karl Barth and Johannes Hamel. Association Press.* $2.50. An exchange on a burning issue between the great theologian and a pastor who is often perplexed but not afraid as he serves God and his people in East Germany; critical of the West, it points up the fact that Christians may quite legitimately disagree when it comes to their specific political decisions.

IT BEGAN ON THE CROSS. *By Guy Schofield. Hawthorne.* $5. A lively story which starts where the New Testament ends, 39 A.D., and continues to the martyrdom of Polycarp, the last man to have known one of The Twelve in A.D. 155.

THE SECRET SAYINGS OF JESUS. *By Robert M. Grant. Doubleday.* $3.50. An authoritative interpretation of ancient documents found at Nag Hammadi, Egypt, 1945, and said to be equal in importance to the Dead Sea Scrolls.

CLASSICS OF PROTESTANTISM. *Edited by Virgilius Fern. Philosophical Library.* $10. Generous portions of Protestant classical literature, indispensable to the student of the schools of thought which have most largely influenced the shaping of Protestant theology.

THE LIVING CHURCH. *By Lynn Harold Hough. Bethany.* $2.50. Impatient with the man-made barriers that keep religious men apart, this discussion sees the church as the outcome of the relations of living men with the living God, in which the preacher who proclaims the word of God to living men receives central attention.

THE NEW TESTAMENT AND MYTHOLOGY. *By B. H. Throckmorton, Jr. Westminster.* $4.50. A claim for the place of myth in the Bible, based on the recognition that some truth can be communicated only in the symbolic language of mythology.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. *By Oscar W. Miller. Philosophical Library.* $2. Provocative, but not always convincing essays intended to go beyond emotion and theological speculation to investigate religious experience in terms of psychology, logic, and pure reason.

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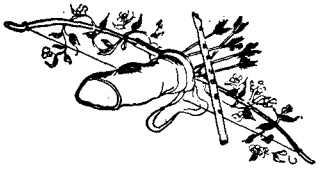

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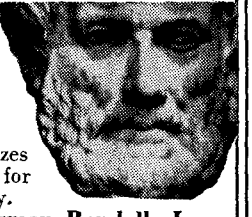

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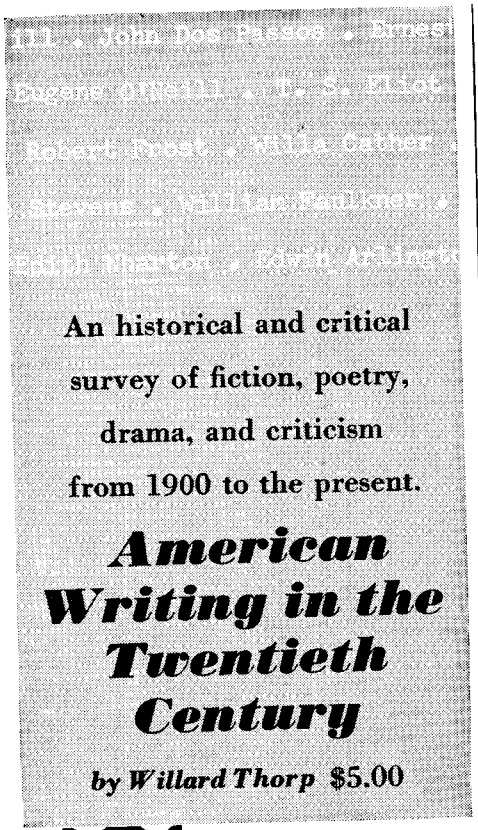

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Of Jewish Interest

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THE HIGH HOLY DAYS: A Commentary on the Prayerbook of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur; Book One: Rosh Hashanah. *By Herman Kieval. Burning Bush Press.* $5. The extraordinary beauty of the sacred services on Rosh Hashanah, their profound religious inspiration to many generations of Jewish worshipers, are lovingly explained in this unusual book. Its high level of scholarship is at no time a burden to the reader, as the author intended it for lay as well as serious study.

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THE MIRACLE OF IRELAND. *Edited by Henri Daniel-Rops. Helicon Press.* $4.50. Short essays, mostly by French writers and translated by an Irish earl, on the astonishing contribution of Celtic Christianity to the conversion and civilization of Europe in the "dark ages" of the fifth to twelfth centuries. Illustrated by sixteen photographs of Celtic crosses and manuscript initial letters.

WORLD CRISIS AND THE CATHOLIC. *Sheed & Ward.* $3. This collection of papers by Catholic laymen was occasioned by the Second World Congress for the Lay Apostolate, held in Rome. Technology, art, and international problems are the topics discussed by contributors as diverse as George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, novelist Bruce Marshall, and Mutara III, King of Ruanda, in Central East Africa.

PROTESTANTISM. *By Georges Tavard. Hawthorne.* $2.95. This is Vol. 137 (thirty-second to be published) of The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism. A Catholic survey of the history, geography, and phases of Protestantism, which notes in some original formulations of Protestantism "no irreducible fundamental contradiction" with Catholic doctrine and calls for a fresh Catholic evaluation of the Reformation.

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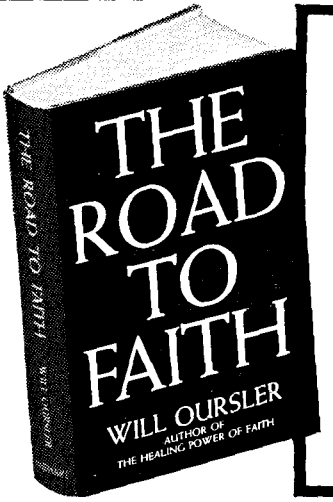

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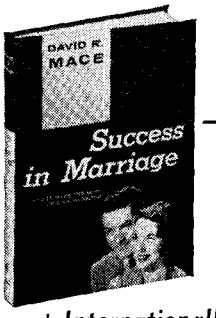

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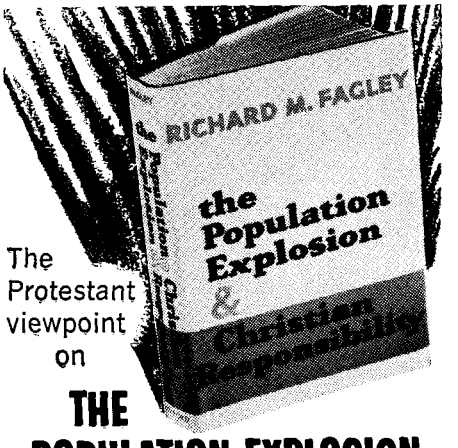

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Attitudes

Continued from page 23

that makes sense even to the unbelieving.

If "Politics and Evangelism" contains little that is new in thought, it says what it says with remarkable clarity and cogency, and constitutes the most systematic short *vade mecum* for the Christian in politics that has been written in some time.

CHALLENGING FRIENDS: For members of the Society of Friends the standard interpretation of their history and position is so familiar that any fresh review like that in **"The Quakers: A New Look at Their Place in Society,"** by John Sykes (Lippincott, $3.95), is valuable. The author has not simply followed the well-written modern analyses. He has used independently some of the older sources, and he writes as a sensitive member of the present-day British group of Friends from contemporary knowledge of Quakerism, not only at home but abroad. The volume can be strongly recommended to Friends because of its challenge to them, and its fresh emphasis upon certain weaknesses as well as strengths in phases of the Quaker past and present.

As an introduction to other readers with little more than superficial knowledge of Quakerism, John Sykes will supply some guidance. There are plenty of persons who with "puzzled respect" wonder "what makes the Quakers click." Perhaps for certain readers he takes too much prior knowledge for granted, but even to them his portraiture will carry some insight. He explains that the core of early Quakerism was its collective worship, with a characteristic accompanying social behavior.

The author portrays the Friends' initial radical revolutionary reaction to state and church and persecution, and shows how after respectability and toleration were won they unconsciously yielded to the virtues and vices of bourgeoisie. Even when, as in the case of slavery, they did with difficulty overcome conformist pressures, they were slow about it and insensitive to other aspects of the economic life. Their deviation from their original basis was shown by their unconscious subjection to socio-economic drives, and by their substitution for the core of characteristic worship, evangelical theology and philanthropy.

Only the events since 1914 have served to restore at least some Friends to their original combination of vital spiritual worship and conscientious conduct to the world. According to Mr. Sykes, their peace witness and their well-known relief service should, how-

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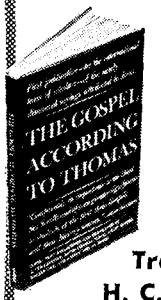

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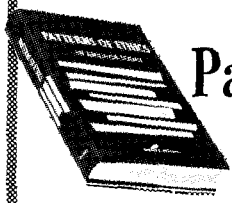

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ever, have led them to some more basic coordinating social testimony than they have yet achieved. He finds them unwilling or at least unconcerned when it comes to matching their comprehensive peace testimony with more drastic steps towards a Christian social order. A few such steps are suggested at the book's end. The intimate mutual connection between Quaker worship and Quaker social concern is reasserted if not explained. "Service for man is the gateway to the effective practice of Meeting for Worship. They are inseparable, each lighting the other."

The book shows the skill of an experienced writer, knowledgeable about the current world to which he appeals now and then for historical analogies and for somewhat exotic terms. One result of his "new look," he suggests, might be that "those enquiring souls who, depressed by the seeming irrelevance of much in Western religious practice, who run to the East for enlightenment, to the resources of Yoga and Zen Buddhism, might well ponder if there were not nearer home techniques [in Quaker worship] that can yield the same felicities and can possibly ground the personality in modes more serviceable for daily living." I think he exaggerates the leveling element in early Quakerism, the repressing of a mother complex in George Fox, and the superior antislavery faithfulness of Hicksite Friends. But his chapter on George Fox is worth reading, and Mr. Sykes rightly raises a voice of protest at the general want of appreciation for what the followers of Hicks have contributed to the balance in American Quakerism.

—Henry B. Cadbury.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 872

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 872 will be found in the next issue.

QUTO UK AT THBCS

W NZBWO SBWM

UK ODQB FATO

MBOODCN UKK BTOBBQ.

—WAOLUZ ACPCUEC.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 871

When a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small package.

—John Ruskin.

SR First

Continued from page 17

don't know or need to know what happened after that. One man has challenged the enemy and has shed splendor on lesser men.

In the same spirit, Elbridge Trask undertook his quest. At the end of it he was changed, nearer god than man—and the reader is changed, having experienced anguish and triumph. Trask had more spiritual strength than even he guessed. He learned that "there was no country too rough but he could walk; no trail too steep; no darkness too profound." Most of us never need to explore our own limits.

The people in this book (and they are all people, not characters) casually speak the Chinook Jargon, that rugged, useful mishmash of Indian, French, and English words that has been called "the dead language that won't lie down." Even far inland from the area where it originated as a trade tongue a few words continue to linger, some with changed meanings.

Cultus still means bad. *Siwash*, from the French *sauvage*, still means any Indian (there never was a Siwash tribe) and also means nonsense: "You're talking pure siwash." *Chinook*, half-forgotten as the name of a once-powerful and prosperous people, is a sudden thawing wind in the winter and the name of a town in Washington, as well as Montana. *Skookum tillicum*, which once meant strong people, now means good friend, or even darling, depending on who's talking to whom. The Jargon is not only deficient as a language of love; it is deficient in several other respects. It has no grammar—almost nothing but vocabulary, and not much of that. It is about as stark as verbal communication can be, but with it the *tillicum* in this book convey profound thoughts.

The reader of "Trask," plunging headlong into it, breathless with the action, can't stop to look back and find out what individual Jargon words meant last time he saw them. He mutters, "*Halo cumtux*" ("no understand"), and rushes on. This is the most exciting book that I have read in years.

Elbridge Trask is a *tyee*—a great man. As long as there are somewhere in the world people like him (and I believe there are and will be) humanity is safe. A world with even a few Trasks in it will never end with a whimper.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 6, 8, 7, 2, 10, 4, 5, 1, 3.

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(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE MOON THAT REFUSED TO BE ECLIPSED

WHEN MAN'S earliest ancestors first came out of the sea, still carrying brine in the blood within them against the day when nature might drive them back to the water again, they began at once to expand their lungs in order freely to explore a headier environment. Before them, beckoning, myriads of flowers pushed up the hills of Earth, climbing always toward the Sun and mysteriously weaving the light with the rain into oxygen for the breath of the walking newcomers. Quite early yet, it must have been, the source of this green growing—the lights in the sky—provoked the legged creatures to roll their eyes up and then to stand, the better to see far off. Gradually, as electrons beat from above and gathered inside skulls, the brainstorms came. And as these grew to mark his species, man felt an ancient pulling. He must repeat the long upward trek of his forebears. He, too, had a sea to escape: the deeper ocean of air.

At fifteen minutes, forty-one seconds after noon Greenwich Time (7.15.41 a.m. EST) on the seventeenth day of this month of March 1960, there will have been afloat for exactly two years, beyond the natural range of human eyesight, a tiny sphere that glints reflected Sun and marks the future channel of man's second great excursion. Around and around the planet it swings, in long ellipses, dipping at two-and-a-quarter hour intervals just inside the outer fringe of the atmosphere before turning out again toward a point 2400 miles from Earth.

In the twenty-four months of its wheeling, the diameter bounded by the passage of this hollow ball has shrunk only 13.1 miles: from 10,795.3 to 10,782.18. If science rightly reads the laws of celestial dynamics, the orb will stay aloft 200 years at least, maybe 1,000. Not only the children but the grandchildren and even later generations of descendants of Earth's present-day inhabitants will learn new things about the air ocean and the space beyond from the signals it constantly sends down on its Sun-powered radio. Ironically, this is the Vanguard satellite that people think of as a failure because Sputnik I rose before it out of the Russian sky on October 4, 1957.

So many wrong impressions of the Vanguard are abroad that it is hard to decide how best to go about correcting the record. Because it bears on most if not all the others, perhaps the right beginning is with the notion that the Vanguard was primarily a rocket, and a war rocket at that. This idea undoubtedly sprang from the fact that central responsibility for putting the Vanguard into orbit lay with the United States Navy, and that the original first stage of the vehicle was a Viking evolved by the Martin Company from the German V-2 that buzz-bombed England.

If modern American democracy included modern mechanisms to give science its proper role in the making of high policy, the Vanguard might have come into being under more appropriate auspices. But it is to the credit of the Navy—if not to civilian executives trusted by a peaceful electorate to maintain and strengthen the peace—that the Office of Naval Research for many years past has been the most consistently farsighted of all Federal agencies in support of basic research that has nothing necessarily to do with war. And ONR was among the first to examine seriously the practical problems involved in circling the Earth with a man-made Moon.

The wording of that last sentence is necessarily cautious. There is no dependable chronicle of when and where men began to think about artificial satellites. Johannes Kepler worked out some general ideas on space rocketry in the seventeenth century. The German law student, Hermann Ganswindt, lectured on space travel in 1891, and the Russian schoolteacher, Konstantin Ziolkovsky, made a study of spaceships in 1898. But Willy Ley, the established historian of such matters, finds the earliest reference to satellites in a U.S. Army artillery lecture hall in 1946 and the first official mention of satellite studies in a cryptic paragraph of the 1948 report of Defense Secretary James Forrestal. In September 1951, three members of the British Interplanetary Society—K. W. Gatland, A. M. Kunesch, and A. E. Dixon—described three possible satellite carrier rockets to the Second International Congress on Astronautics in London. ONR was brain-deep in the question in the very next year if not before.

ONR had several satellite projects under consideration. One was a joint enterprise with an Army team led by the German rocket veteran, Wernher Von Braun. It was called Project Orbiter. The other was an older scheme that the Naval Research Laboratory had cooked up to further NRL's already well established probings of the upper atmosphere.

Looking back today, it seems as though someone at NRL had a premonition. For in 1952 NRL created a new Atmosphere and Astrophysics Division under the astronomer, Dr. John P. Hagen (shown at our masthead with models of the Vanguard satellite and its carrier vehicle). In 1954, the International Scientific Committee named to plan the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958) began to talk about satellites on the practi-

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cal level. In the summer of 1955, President Eisenhower announced there definitely would be an American satellite during the IGY. And on September 9, 1955, NRL was ordered to undertake the job.

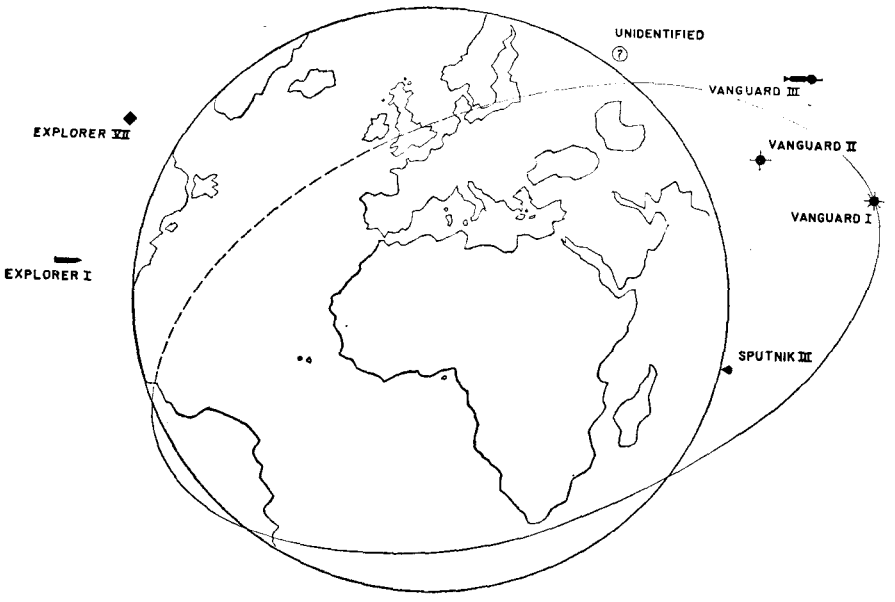
How little significance American political and strategic bigwigs attached to Project Vanguard can be judged from the choice that was given to Dr. Hagen at the time. He was asked to decide between taking charge of the project himself or keeping his post as Director of the Atmosphere and Astrophysics Division of NRL and appointing someone else to boss Vanguard. Should he fix on personal supervision of Vanguard, he was assured, his old job as division head would be waiting for him afterward. No one in authority seriously thought then that there would ever be more than one satellite. After it was up, the scientists would stop making silly claims about what it would do, and everybody could go back to work.

Hagen had no heroic pretensions. He was and is a quiet, modest man. But he did understand the true implications of what lay before him. He chose to take charge of Project Vanguard in person, even though it was a one-shot and a long one. His preparations were thorough, and through all the subsequent furor he never allowed himself to be diverted from the scientific objectives.

From the outset, his planning divided into three phases. First, there had to be a rocket capable of lifting a satellite above Earth's atmosphere and then firing it into an elliptical path roughly parallel to the planet's. (No such vehicle existed in the autumn of 1955.) Second, experiments had to be worked out for the satellite to perform, and instruments suitable for their execution had to be designed to fit within spheres of a size range between that of a softball to that of a basketball. (To avoid any suspicion of dictating his own or the Navy's preconceptions, Dr. Hagen left these arrangements mostly in the hands of the National Academy of Sciences.) Third, a means was required of telling whether the satellite was in place, and, if so, at what place. (For this a string of incredibly sensitive radio receivers was built like a picket fence running north-south from Blossom Point in Maryland to Santiago in Chile, and ultimately to the Antarctic).

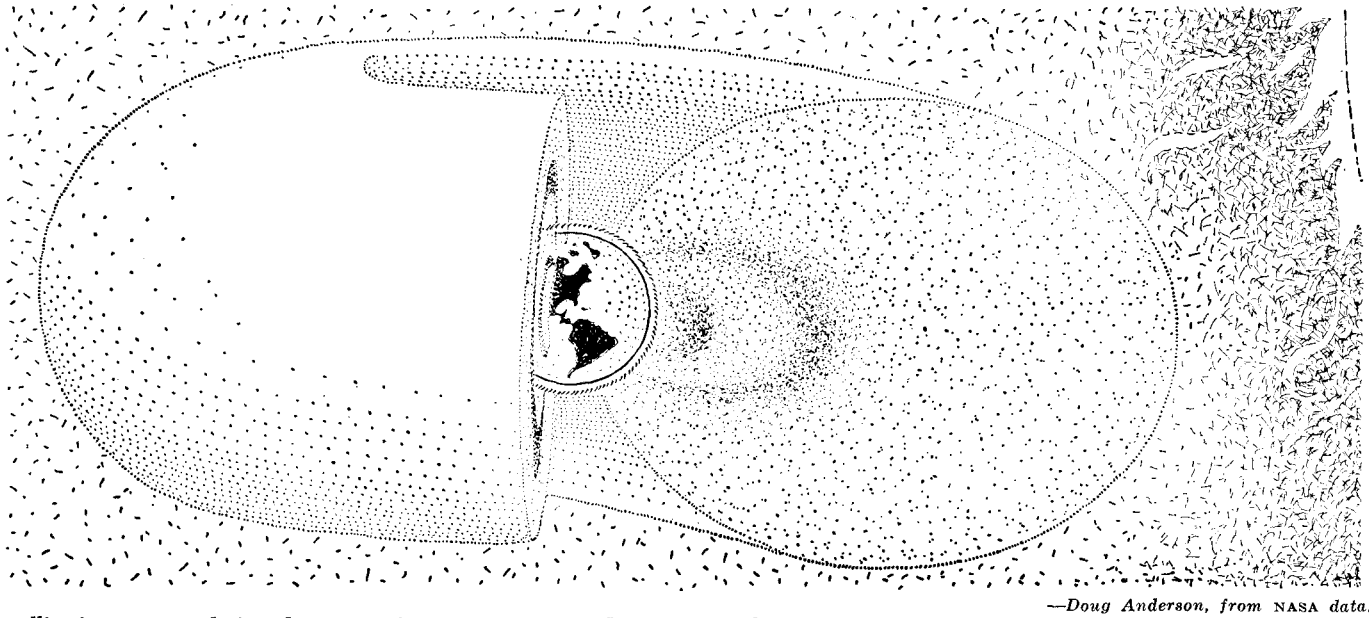
Within six months, the design of the carrier rocket had been determined in conjunction with Martin, the Viking's maker. The whole idea was to do the most possible at the least possible cost. Four different satellites were designed, but no one close to the project thought that more than one of them would actually fly during the IGY.

Contrary to popular belief, the Vanguard's progress was not stampeded by the sudden appearance of Sputnik I in October 1957. NRL's original schedule called for the launching of a twenty-foot ball sometime in the early fall of 1957. When problems developed, as problems inevitably will in a new art as complex as rocketry, this launch was put aside and another planned, to carry only a six-inch sphere. In July of 1957,



*—Siry and Tanner—*NASA.

Except for Explorer VI and Discoverer VIII, whose orbits are too unstable to be predicted very far ahead, all Earth satellites in being as SR/Research for March goes to press are shown at points they will occupy when Vanguard I begins its third year in orbit.



—Doug Anderson, from NASA *data.*

Satellite instruments designed as part of Project Vanguard flew with Explorer I and discovered electrical sea stretching eight Earth radii from Earth's center. Sketch above shows more realistic view than the usual double ring of Van Allen radiation. Note symbolic indication that greatest peril is beyond the sea, in stormy atmosphere of the Sun. Broken line just outside Earth connotes ionosphere.

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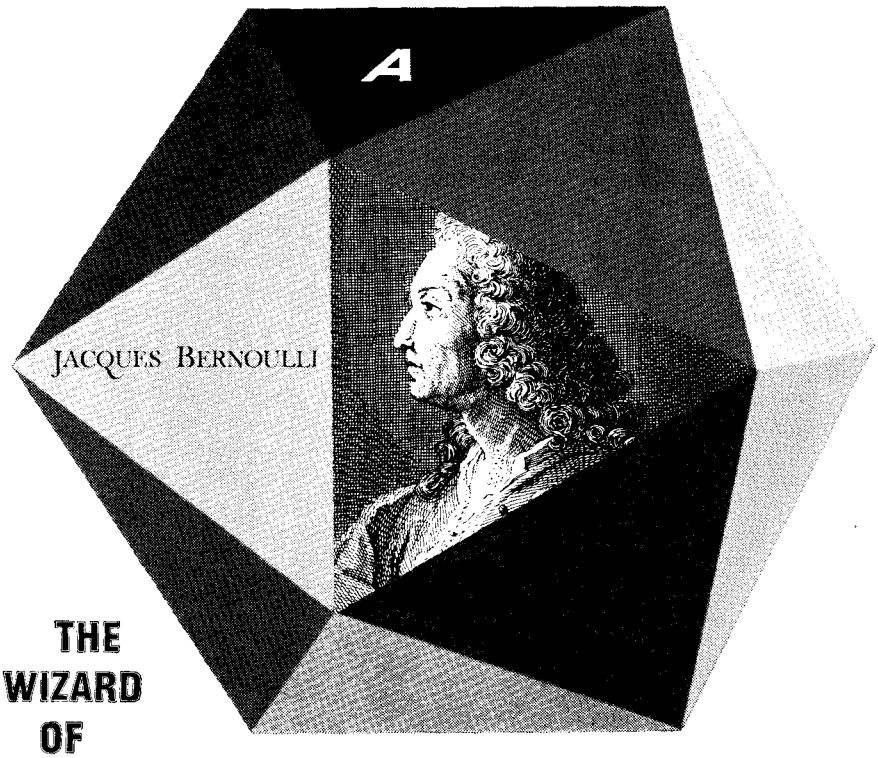
the new takeoff was set for the following December. The only real effects of Sputnik I's surprise were two. The first of these was unfortunate. It was President Eisenhower's unwise, unqualified declaration that an American satellite would be in orbit before the year-end. The second was happier. It gave Project Vanguard true importance in the eyes of American politicians and military men for the first time.

Up to the time of the first actual attempt to loft a Vanguard satellite into orbit, there was no basis whatever for the folklore which today condemns the Vanguard as a miserable failure. It was the explosion of the carrier rocket, just four feet off the firing pad at Cape Canaveral, on December 6, 1957, that created the notoriety. Dr. John Hagen and his crew of scientists were in no way to blame. The performance was staged as a public sideshow by Defense Department publicity men who never bothered to consider that even simple research experiments rarely proceed exactly according to plan.

The launching of Explorer I on the following January 31 has been widely advertised as an enormous success. Who ever mentions that the experiment responsible for its fame—the discovery of a radiation belt around the Earth—was performed by instruments designed by Dr. James A. Van Allen as part of the scientific program of Project Vanguard?

The discoveries of Vanguard I itself have accumulated so slowly and undramatically during the last two years as to pass virtually unnoticed by the crowd. They began with the very first orbit, when the modulation of signals from the satellite's six antennae revealed the existence of eddy currents in Earth's magnetic field. That initial orbit also made it plain that any measurements taken with Vanguard I as a point of reference would be exceptionally dependable because of the stability of the ellipse; never coming closer to Earth than 400 miles, the satellite would be little swerved in its course by the drag of the atmosphere. That was enough to start military engineers on the re-making of maps of the Pacific, correcting the positions of islands theretofore located from hundreds of yards to miles away from their actual places. When the time comes that people whoosh across vast reaches of the Earth in rocket-carriages, pinpoint accuracy like this will be assumed.

By April of 1958, Vanguard I had finished several hundred orbits. Its path continued exceptionally smooth. Yet a tiny aberration had become noticeable. The orbit was shrinking, almost imperceptibly, but unquestionably shrinking. Here was more news for the watchers below. The appreciable dens-



THE WIZARD OF ODDS *He solved a telephone traffic problem two centuries ago*

Jacques Bernoulli, the great Swiss mathematician, pondered a question early in the 18th century. Can you mathematically predict what will happen when events of chance take place, as in throwing dice?

His answer was the classical Bernoulli binomial distribution—a basic formula in the mathematics of probability (published in 1713). The laws of probability say, for instance, that if you roll 150 icosahedrons (the 20-faced solid shown above), 15 or more of them will come to rest with side "A" on top only about once in a hundred times.

Identical laws of probability govern the calls coming into your local Bell Telephone exchange. Suppose you are one of a group of 150 telephone subscribers, each of whom makes a three-minute call during the busiest hour of the day. Since three minutes is one-twentieth of an hour, the probability that you or any other subscriber will be busy is 1 in 20, the same as the probability that side "A" of an icosahedron will be on top. The odds against 15 or more of you talking at once are again about 100 to 1. Thus it would be extravagant to supply you with 150 trunk circuits when 15 suffice for good service.

Telephone engineers discovered at the turn of the century that telephone users obey Bernoulli's formula. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, mathematicians have developed the mathematics of probability into a tool of tremendous economic value. All over the Bell System, the mathematical approach helps provide the world's finest telephone service using the least possible equipment. The achievements of these mathematicians again illustrate how Bell Laboratories works to improve your telephone service.

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World center of communications research and development

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ity of the atmosphere extended much farther out than had been supposed. There were still enough particles at that altitude to mass in front of the satellite, slowing it down ever so slightly and causing it to fall just a little lower.

By June, the orbits numbered between 1,000 and 1,100 and had piled up proof that science was wrong in its calculations of the oblateness of the Earth. If the accepted data had been correct, the pull of Earth's gravity would have asserted itself on the satellite's motion in a certain pattern. The actual pattern of Vanguard I's travel was different from that one. Obviously the curve of the planet between the poles was flatter than anyone thought.

By October, with 2,000 to 2,100 orbits completed, there was evidence of a drag that seemed to grab only once a month. It was in addition to the drag of the normal atmosphere. What unknown force could be causing it?

By January 1959, there were 3,200 orbits on the record. The composite picture they drew on their nearest approaches to Earth was again different from the one the pull of gravity would make if the Earth had been shaped, as most people thought, like an apple (or, with the equatorial bulge included, a turnip.) The Earth that Vanguard I pictured looked more like a pear. True, the pear bulged at the northern pole by only fifty feet in the 7,900 miles diameter of the planet and flattened at the southern pole by fifty feet more, but the pear-shape was accented by the varying sea levels in the northern and southern hemispheres. In the north, the sea surface was depressed by twenty-five feet; in the south, it pushed out.

THIS piece of information was no mere draftsman's quibble. It affected man's established ideas about the make-up of Earth's interior. The old apple-turnip conception had appeared to confirm the notion that the planet was plastic, and hence subject to centrifugal force at the middle. The pear-shape has been interpreted as evidence that the shell of the Earth is solid as a brick for at least the topmost 1800 miles. Another theory argues that this isn't so—that the crust is viscous, but the composition of the sub-crust is what forms the pear.

By the summer of 1959, after the number of Vanguard I orbits had mounted to 4,800, the once-a-month drag that had turned up in the previous October was at last identified. It occurred just once in twenty-seven days, which is the time the Sun takes to make one revolution. Alerted by this particular periodicity, radioastronomers matched it against their own observations of energy gusts from sunspots and found a direct relationship between the "solar wind" and the motion of Vanguard I. Evidently heat poured into the atmosphere by storms on the Sun expands the lower reaches of the air, thus raising the density farther out and momentarily slowing passage of whatever vehicles are there. If this is really what happens, meteorologists may be able to relate the occurrence to the weather on Earth's surface.

By the fall of 1959, Vanguard I had gone through 5,900 orbits. In them it was possible to see the effects of the Earth's magnetic field on the satellite's movement. The arrangement of magnetic force was the one thing that turned out to be just about as imagined.

AS the year 1960 begins, scientific papers continue to be written from new information supplied by this one little ball in the sky. The last to be published was in January, when the orbits totaled 7,200. The data in these was sufficiently plentiful to enable separation and identification of the pull of the Sun and the Moon on Vanguard I's path. With it in hand, it was possible to predict a short life for Explorer VI.

Vanguard I cannot know that since it left the Earth it has been adopted by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, or that Dr. John Hagen also has been adopted by NASA, or that the precedent of its scientific triumphs—even though these are appreciated only by the initiated—encouraged the launching of Vanguard II (which proved that pictures telemetered from great heights can distinguish land, sea, and clouds for studies of the birth of weather) and of Vanguard III (which began the job of mapping the lower boundary of the Van Allen radiation belt) and influenced countless details of all the other American satellites. Vanguard I does not even know that by its second birthday it will have wheeled around the Earth 7,857 times and traveled altogether 263,900,000 miles. But man can tell from the Vanguard I advices that when he finally emerges from the second sea in his history, the ocean of atmosphere, he will once again be at the bottom of the sea—this one turbulent with electricity (see cut, page 46). And once he arrives at the top of that, he will still have to escape the atmosphere of the Sun.

Does it make such a great difference, then, that the Russian rockets are bigger than the American rockets at this early stage of the space adventure? From all the evidence, it will be quite a while before men of any nation can safely go very far out there. By that time, it may be that national origins will be of no more importance than the knowledge of what sea it was that all men came from. —JOHN LEAR, *Science Editor*

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

LIVELY SPIRIT

FEBRUARY 6TH ISSUE (The Research Frontier) referring to the *late* Margaret Sanger is shy of facts. She is hale and hearty and I hope you are, too.

DR. STUART SANGER.
Tucson, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Science Editor also remains among those present, but he feels less than hale after the blooper mentioned above and the one below.*

KNOT SO

I AM GLAD, for the sake of both science and humanity, that (according to Mr. Lear, your Science Editor) mankind has achieved the spectacular invention of a "water-borne creature" that will traverse the water at a speed of 5,360 miles per hour. (Research in America, Feb. 6)

ROBERT M. MARTIN,
Columbia University
New York

WE WERE IMPRESSED with your figures on the speed of the hydrofoil. Imagine that thing traveling from 4,020 to 5,360 miles per hour.

WILLIAM R. PETERS,
Colorado School of Mines
Golden, Colo.

GOOD NEWS, indeed!

ROBERT G. BRATCHER.
Louisville, Ky.

WONDERFUL. Could be the Navy's answer to the Soviet ICBM.

CMDR. R. J. LOOMIS,
U. S. Navy
Great Lakes, Ill.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Maritime Administration. It is obvious why a company named "Dynamic Developments, Inc.," got the contract.

EINAR M. SYVERTSEN.
Seattle, Wash.

"A KNOT IS approximately sixty-seven miles per hour." Ow!

PERCY COLE.
New York

"A KNOT IS approximately sixty-seven miles per hour." Wow!

FRED TUBBS.
Columbus, O.

"A KNOT IS approximately sixty-seven miles per hour." Shame!

ANDREW C. PRONAY,
Penn State University
University Park, Pa.

THE BAKER MFG. CO. of Evansville, Wis., under contract with the Office of Naval Research, has contributed much to the development of hydrofoils. As an employe, it was a disappointment to me not to have my employer mentioned in your article,

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"Waterwings to London." . . . I am completely unversed in nautical terms . . . [but] if a knot is approximately sixty-seven miles per hour, as the article states, that Grumman boat will really travel.

L. A. SPENCER.

Appleton, Wis.

I'M NOT TERRIBLY GOOD at mathematics, but according to my calculations the hydrofoil you described is capable of skimming over the water at Mach 2. This seems to be rather faster than anything flying.

GEORGE A. FULFORD.

Seattle, Wash.

MACH 5-7. Quite remarkable for any terrestrial vehicle.

E. SCOTT BARR.

University, Ala.

A KNOT MAY BE sixty-seven miles per hour in the fast moving offices of the Saturday Review but I have found it to be closer to 1.15 at sea.

CAPT. LEO G. MAY,
U. S. Navy

Vallejo, Calif.

WHAT DID YOU TRY to say? I can't sleep, I can't think, and I had three and a half years in a navy!

NILS G. SAHLIN.

New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks for asking, Mr. Sahlin. We meant to say that sixty knots is approximately sixty-seven miles per hour. According to the desk calculator of SR's Nathan Cohn, a more exact statement would be: A knot is 1.1515303 miles per hour.*

IN DEFENSE OF NUMBERS

I WOULD LIKE TO comment on what I consider to be several rather deep-seated misunderstandings in Dr. Charles Goshen's otherwise excellent article, "The Tyranny of Numbers." They have to do with the basic nature of scientific theory, and in particular with the position occupied by Newtonian physics in modern science.

The theories of Newton are not an "explanation" of nature at all, but rather a concise (and still not completely unambiguous) *description* of natural events using the language of mathematics. Whether we choose to find a "comforting explanation of nature's behavior" in them or not is entirely arbitrary and outside the realm of the laws themselves. The fact remains that over a vast realm of experience these laws *do* hold, revealing that nature *does* proceed in a lawful and orderly fashion, meaning that Newton's laws are faithful representation of a large segment of our experience. . . .

When we come to extend the area of our investigation to include the celestial and subnuclear regions (the latter being several million times smaller dimensionally than the molecular level mentioned by Dr. Goshen) we find that Newton's laws must be modified. However, we do not find that Newtonian physics must be abandoned: it forms the basis for modern

The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be approaching at supersonic speeds from many directions. ¶ Simultaneously in control centers throughout North America men and machines dealt with torrents of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weapons to destroy the attackers. Interceptor pilots reported over loudspeakers. As the enemy reacted and shifted, fresh instructions crackled through command phones. ¶ But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed computer. Called Operation Desk Top, this was a simulated raid —the most gigantic ever arranged—to exercise the North American Air Defense System. In planning it, SDC made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. ¶ To train managers in decision-making, to exercise decision-makers under realistic stress, to make sure of avoiding costly errors in actual operations — these are some of the benefits to all kinds of military and non-military systems which SDC envisions for the future.

SDC

System Development Corporation A non-profit corporation developing large computer-based control systems for military, scientific, and governmental operations. ¶ Professional staff openings are at Santa Monica, California and Lodi, New Jersey.

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...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP

Dr. K. N. Satyendra
Director of Research
Nortronics Division
Northrop Corporation

Solving the Problems of Space Electronics at Nortronics' New Department of Advanced Research

by Dr. K. N. Satyendra

To promote the studies and technologies associated with space electronics, Nortronics has established a new Department of Advanced Research. In its work developing new products, the department utilizes scientific skills and ingenuity of the highest order. Carefully planned research—especially geared to our country's urgent needs in space electronics—feature the following programs:

SPACE GUIDANCE RESEARCH includes a comprehensive analytical study of the requirements for midcourse and terminal homing systems for lunar and interplanetary probes.

SPACE DEFENSE RESEARCH includes hardware-oriented studies fulfilling U.S. military requirements.

APPLIED SCIENCES RESEARCH considers the development of new techniques for studying natural phenomena such as radiations in outer space, electronic measurement of surface and environmental properties of lunar and planetary bodies.

SPACE ELECTRONICS COMPONENTS RESEARCH includes techniques dealing with ultraviolet and infrared sensors, solid state components, Seebeck and Peltier generators and specilized instrumentation.

NORTRONICS already has a record of achievement that includes items like the LINS – Lightweight Inertial Navigation Systems, Astronertial Systems, Hypervelocity sensors, guidance systems for the air-launched ballistic missile, and many other vital classified projects.

Two basic elements—a planned-research program and the top management support that it needs—are attracting new scientists with national recognition and highest qualification to the new Research Department which will be located at the Palos Verdes Research Park. The new facility will offer the scientist and engineer a rewarding opportunity to work in an atmosphere especially created for research in space electronics. Facilities of the entire Northrop Corporation are available to Nortronics' members in their planned-research activities.

Current papers by Northrop scientists and engineers include:
"Automatic Navigation for Supersonic Transports" by Ross F. Miller.
"High-Speed Inertial Platform Stabilization and Control" by Martin Finkel.

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quantum physics as well as being an integral part of relativity theory. To say that "Newtonian laws would turn out to be illusions" is downright misleading. A better statement would be: "Newtonian laws have their limitations" and this has been recognized all along.

Einstein's great contribution was not in declaring that "randomness rather than lawfulness is the fundamental characteristic of natural events." To adopt this view is to cease to become a scientist, for the scientist's life is devoted to uncovering relations between events. . . . Statistical probabilities do enter the picture, but there are very definite mathematical connections between these probabilities. Consider the electron within a hydrogen atom. Scientists no longer seek to describe its position and velocity at each instant of time, and to this extent have departed from Newtonian concepts. If you ask where the electron is, you will be told that it most probably is "here" but just might show up in Timbuktu. Nevertheless, the basic equation which gives the various energy states of that electron is a direct outcome of the edifice of Newtonian mechanics, and generally agrees with observation to a number of decimal places.

JOSEPH L. SNIDER,
Physics Department,
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

DR. CHARLES GOSHEN apparently believes that since some of man's mathematical models of nature do not really describe nature then we must admit that mathematics is non-objective. The fallacy in this type of thinking is in failing to ascertain whether the assumptions inherent in the particular mathematical model are in accord with nature or not. It is not the mathematics but the assumptions which might be wrong.

DUNCAN C. BLANCHARD.
Woods Hole, Mass.

EINSTEIN'S relativity theory says nothing about randomness and certainly does not substitute statistical probabilities for natural laws. The laws of relativity are just as deterministic as those of Newtonian mechanics. . . .

ROGER URBAN,
Electrical Engineering Dept.
Caltech
Pasadena, Calif.

EINSTEIN SAID he did *not* believe that the world was a game of chance. In fact, most scientists today are not Einsteinian in their thinking. They are probabilistic, to be sure, but this is precisely what Einstein opposed.

CARTER ZELEZNIK,
Clinical psychologist
Philadelphia, Pa.

DETRACTING IN NO WAY from the vastness of Einstein's achievements, permit me to point out that he stood on the shoulders of some of the greatest thinkers of the western world. The statistical explanation of gross phenomena is at least as old as Demokritos (about 450 B.C.). . . . Doubtless the great prestige which Einstein lent to statistical thermodynamics is significant in provoking more widespread instruction of these relatively old developments but to assert in effect that the developments were the discovery of Einstein is to miss the mark.

FRANK S. WAGNER, JR.,
Celanese Chemical Co.
Clarkwood, Tex.

DR. GOSHEN IS simply not in contact with reality when he says that "it is the rare scientist who has adopted the Einsteinian view" (he actually means the quantum mechanical viewpoint). If by scientists Mr. Goshen means civil, mechanical or aeronautical engineers he is probably right. If he means electrical engineers he is treading on dangerous ground. If he means physicists and chemists he is steeped in error.

HOWARD H. C. CHANG,
Hughes Research Labs
Culver City, Calif.

DR. GOSHEN EQUATES the "Newtonian viewpoint" with the "mathematical viewpoint." As I understand him, the Newtonian viewpoint is the philosophical idea that all phenomena are predetermined. To me, the mathematical viewpoint is the idea that at least some phenomena may be described quantitatively and related by mathematical formulae, which do not require a deterministic explanation.

JAMES C. BUSHNELL.
Urbana, Ill.

TO SAY that what appear to be natural laws are merely statistical probabilities is to deny that there can be lawful relationships between probabilities. To say that "randomness *rather* than lawfulness is a fundamental characteristic of natural events" is to assume that randomness means unlawful. Randomness is just as legitimate a kind of order as any other. . . .

HENRY E. KLUGH.
Alma, Mich.

BECAUSE PSYCHOANALYSIS has never been able to show statistically that its patients do better than they would have done without treatment, some psychoanalysts have tended rather defensively to deny the importance of numbers, measurements, and statistics altogether. It is a source of surprise to me, however, to find my friend, Dr. Charles E. Goshen, echoing this anti-scientific position. . . . We psychiatrists measure an individual's behavior against his socially-determined role or roles (as we see them), and on this basis decide which behavior is incorrect or aberrant and *if so how much.*

NATHANIEL S. LEHRMAN, M.D.
Great Neck, N. Y.

WHETHER THE USE of mathematics in the behavioral sciences will turn out so fruitfully as it has in physics, only future generations will determine. It is very po sible that a different sort of mathematics, such as set theory, will be more appropriate; or a totally different type of logic may ultimately prevail. The "more seasoned of the behavioral scientists" should not be "content to await their day"

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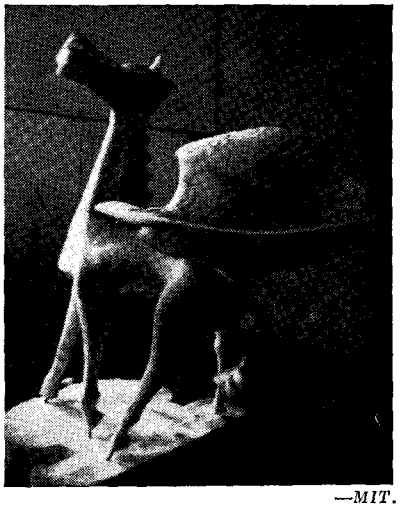
but invoke creative thought and new and diverse tools with which they can objectively tackle and comprehend the complexities (among the qualitative aspects) of behavior.

ARNOLD M. MORDKOFF.
Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In making his main point—that Einstein, in showing that there is no fixed hitching post anywhere in the universe, opened regions of intellectual exploration that science often is too timid to enter because its vision is restricted by old and comforting systems of numbers (for other treatments of this theme, see SR/Research for December 1958 and November 1959)—Dr. Goshen allowed the impression that Einstein was directly responsible for the work of Born, Heisenberg, and Bohr. The relativity theories did open the way for the uncertainty principle, widened use of statistical probabilities, atomic theory, etc., but the influence was indirect. Einstein himself was among those reluctant to accept the consequences. In "Readings in the Philosophy of Science," he expressed his aversion to "accept the view that events in nature are analogous to a game of chance." But on the page facing the one on which those words appeared, he wrote: "It is probably out of the question that any future knowledge may compel physics again to relinquish our present statistical theoretical foundation in favor of a deterministic one which would deal directly with physical reality."*



—MIT.

EVEN IN THE MYTHICAL WORLD, which is filled with wonders, the flying horse Pegasus was unique. His miraculous birth (from the evil Medusa's head, cut off by Perseus), his rare beauty, and his marvelous accomplishments in chartered travel astonished gods and men alike. It is thus interesting, and indeed fitting, that one of the first examples of a new method of art casting should be the beautiful bronze Pegasus above.

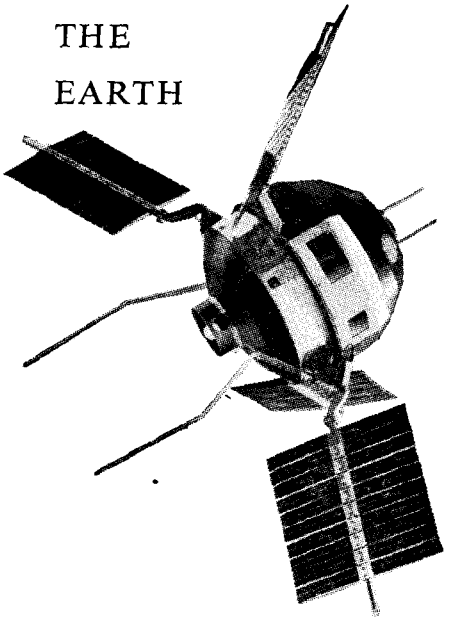
Like his imaginary ancestor, this winged horse came into being in an extraordinary way. His parents were art and science, and the place of his birth was the Foundry Laboratory of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There, after ten months of research supported by the Rockefeller Foundation Department of Humanities, Dr. Howard Taylor, professor of foundry metallurgy, and Boston sculptor Alfred Duca devised a new means of casting statuary that promises to free both the sculptor and the foundry craftsman.

Art casting has had many forms. Primitive men practiced it in the creation of stone implements and simple art forms by the piece-mold method. They prepared hollow shapes—like cookie molds—in the desired configurations. Then they poured hot metal into the molds. A more advanced method of casting was developed by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Orientals: the "lost wax" system. For this, a plaster armature was made, covered with wax (which the sculptor manipulated to express his creative gift), covered again with plaster, and left to harden. When the mold was heated, the wax ran off or was "lost." Molten metal was then poured into the space left by the wax, and when the metal hardened the plaster was removed.

The "lost wax" method is fine for simple works. But for more complicated forms, sculptors and artisans rely on a modification of the piece-mold method, using either plaster or granite-like sand (developed by the French). From the sculptor's clay model, the foundry craftsman casts the work in sections and painstakingly burnishes, files, and welds the sections together to make the final sculpture. The joints are often obvious and unattractive. In some cases, the original ideas of the sculptor must be modified to fit the limitations of the caster.

Ingenious casting experimenters at the MIT foundry lab have overcome the obstacles just recited. In the case of Pegasus, sculptor Duca worked not in clay, but in the new plastic material, polystyrene. After six weeks of sculpting with a grapefruit knife and coarse files, he had an equine figure two and a half feet high, prancing in white foam. In the hooves of Pegasus' feet were two funnels, also made of polystyrene. The horse was covered with a mold made of sand, and bronze heated to 2300 degrees F. was poured into the funnels. The polystyrene vaporized as the molten metal hit it, and the space thus hollowed was immediately filled with bronze in the fantastically short time of thirty-eight seconds. The funnels were chopped off Pegasus' feet, the restless bronze animal was turned right side up, and—into what land of artifice would you care to fly? —ROBERTA SILMAN.

EXPLORER VI
IS A
SPACE
LABORATORY
NOW
ORBITING
THE
EARTH



Space Technology Laboratories carried out the Able III program which put Explorer VI in space...one of a series of advanced scientific experiments conducted by STL in conjunction with the Air Force on behalf of NASA.

STL's leadership in military applications of space technology is illustrated by its successful accomplishments as the contractor responsible for over-all systems engineering and technical direction of the Atlas, Titan, Thor, and Minuteman programs. Scientists and engineers with outstanding capabilities relating to these activities, are invited to investigate positions at STL.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLVIII

THE ATOMIC ARCHEOLOGIST: DR. GLENN T. SEABORG

This Nobel Laureate Chemist Digs Elements Out of Nature That Have Never Before Been Seen on Earth

—San Francisco

A CHEMIST with enormous political skill and profound scientific knowledge completed a successful raid on the military's most precious raw material not long ago. He diverted the stuff from the making of bombs to the furtherance of basic research in science.

Plutonium, the fissionable key to our atomic and thermonuclear arsenal, is the raw material. Prying from nature fleeting fossils of the nuclear world: heavy elements never before seen on Earth, and having no presently conceivable practical use, is the purpose of the research. Glenn Theodore Seaborg is the man with the political skill and the knowledge.

Seaborg is a lanky, gregarious Nobel prizewinner. He is a one-time stevedore and harvest hand. He is the Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley and a member of President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee.

Atomic physicists and chemists all over America are now participating in Seaborg's great diversion. A million dollars is going into the first maneuver at Savannah River, South Carolina, this country's H-bomb factory. There scientists are cooking down twelve kilograms of plutonium (enough to fill a pint bottle) in an atomic furnace. In two or three years neutrons flying around inside the furnace will change the plutonium into 100 grams of curium plus equal amount of americium. Then the curium atoms will be cooked in another A-furnace for several more years and each year some of the 100 grams of curium will turn into a bare milligram of californium.

The names are obscure: curium, americium, californium. But Seaborg knows them well. With his co-workers at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, he helped discover them all. They are transuranium elements—heavy substances, more massive than common uranium, which used to stand at the top of the periodic table of elements. They are intensely radioactive. They may still exist in nature deep inside the hottest exploding stars of the universe, but most of them vanished from Earth without a trace billions of years ago. Their synthetic creation during a brilliant continuing adventure in nuclear research has added immense new knowledge about the finest details of the atom's makeup.

So far science has provoked nature to disgorge just ten transuranium elements, ranging from neptunium (with an atomic number of 93, only one step higher than uranium) to element 102, which is ten steps beyond. Seaborg has calculated what their properties must be, all the way up to element 118. Will science ever find them?

A few, yes. But as the elements get heavier they become more unstable. Like a child's house of cards, they fall apart the instant they are put together. Alpha particles and neutrons fly out of them like corn from a hot popper. The elements degenerate and change in the course of the popping. Hard as it is to heat the popper enough to end up with the heaviest elements, it is harder still to know when they have popped.

Incredibly rapid chemical analysis is required. Planes and helicopters fly fast-decaying samples from atom-smashers and A-furnaces to labs. Ultra-miniature working tools have been designed to handle microscopically small samples. Only indirect identification, through careful study of the radiations emitted and the daughter elements created in the decay process, can be made of those elements yet to be discovered.

Element 101, for example, was discovered by Albert Ghiorso and Seaborg and their team five years ago. It is called mendelevium. It decays by spontaneous fission and has a half-life of less than half an hour. The team brought it into being by firing alpha particles—the nuclei of helium—into a target of einsteinium. Einsteinium (element number 99) was itself first seen in the fireball of the 1952 H-bomb test at Eniwetok, where it was accidentally picked up by a radio-controlled drone plane that flew through the mushroom cloud.

As for mendelevium, itself, the discovery team found exactly seventeen atoms of it in their atom-smasher's target: a fabulously minute quantity, invisible, intangible, unweighable. That the atoms were there was proved by radiation counters which registered the tiny fission bursts from each mendelevium atom. The exultant discoverers wired the counters to the Radiation Lab's fire alarm system, so the jangle of bells could herald the new discovery —and unnerved the campus firemen.

Mendelevium, 1,000 times more radioactive than uranium, is the next-to-last of the transuranium elements so far discovered. As of now, element 102 is the very last. It was created in 1958 by firing into an isotope of curium (number 96) some carbon ions. Again Seaborg and Ghiorso headed the discovery team. They found forty atoms at a time, and half of those disappeared in three seconds. By spitting out alpha particles, the mendelevium turned into fermium, half of which was gone in thirty minutes. The fermium atoms lived long enough, however, to serve as evidence that element 102 had been there.

What comes after 102? This is where Seaborg's great diversion of plutonium comes in. The californium that eventually will be born as plutonium's descendant is expected to provide the essential building block for element 103 and perhaps others beyond. So all the plutonium Glenn Seaborg persuaded the military to relinquish in the first place will go into the making of new and unknown matter: matter to vanish in a flash, but in the vanishing to deepen man's understanding of his nuclear environment.

IN all this, perhaps, is an insight into Seaborg himself, a man of forty-seven who by his career and his nature is surely to wield a most important influence on American education and political development, to say nothing of science. Seaborg is fascinated by basic knowledge, a pure researcher in an arcane field. But he also can get things done. As an administrator, he has demonstrated ability to handle a team of any size—from a half-dozen scientists in a lab to 100 scientists and technicians in a war-time project producing plutonium, to 8,000 staff and faculty members with enormously disparate interests on a university campus.

Born in the mining town of Ishpeming, Michigan, and reared in south-

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—UCLA.

Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg

ern California, Seaborg knew he was headed toward science during high school, and toward nuclear chemistry by his senior year at the University of California at Los Angeles. Like his family of Swedish machinists, he was always a hard worker. He mowed lawns and delivered papers in high school. He worked as a stevedore and as a laboratory assistant for a rubber company to earn money for his first year of college. When the economic depression hit in 1929, he picked apricots in the San Joaquin valley, worked as apprentice to a linotype operator, and finally settled down as a UCLA chemistry lab assistant to pay for the rest of his college career. He made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, graduated in 1934, and took his Ph.D. in 1937 at Berkeley.

THREE years later he discovered his first transuranium element. It was plutonium, the most efficient of the nuclear fission fuels because of the number of neutrons it released to carry on a chain reaction. Soon he added to the armament collection uranium 233, which can be produced from the common element thorium. During World War II he helped speed plutonium production techniques at the Manhattan Project's "Metallurgical Laboratory" in Chicago.

After the war Seaborg returned to Berkeley and the Radiation Laboratory with the title of full professor. There were more transuranium elements to seek. In 1951 he shared the Nobel Prize in chemistry with his Berkeley colleague, Edwin M. McMillan. In 1954 he became the Radiation Laboratory's Associate Director under the late Ernest Orlando Lawrence, and four years later the University plucked him from his full-time science work to make him Chancellor of the Berkeley campus. Last year he capped his Nobel Prize with the $50,000 Enrico Fermi award, the United States Government's highest honor in atomic science.

Today Seaborg manages, a couple of mornings a week, to escape to the Radiation Lab from his more vexatious consideration of educational policy, fraternity hazing problems, professorial vying for department budgets, and even the selection of a football coaching staff.

In a sense, Seaborg is a modern version of Renaissance Man. He supervises a group of graduate chemistry students working for doctorates. He maintains an acute awareness of politics, voting independently and displaying an outlook thoroughly internationalist and liberal. He flies to Washington monthly for meetings of the President's Science Advisory Committee. He served for five years as his university's delegate to the Pacific Coast Football League. He makes speeches by the dozen, stressing the need for increased education and increased science awareness.

Each week-end Seaborg carries briefcases and cardboard cartons filled with working papers to the comfortable redwood home in the suburban town of Lafayette which he and his wife designed for themselves and their six children. At home his life and tastes are simple. He reads a lot. He golfs when he can, breaking ninety occasionally with considerable gusto. He plays baseball, volleyball, and basketball with his children and a pack of neighborhood kids for whom he built a complete playground in his yard. His closest neighbor is Dr. Isidore Perlman, associate director of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory and a renowned expert on radiation measurements. Perlman and Seaborg are fast friends and popular figures to the Lafayette small fry since they jointly installed a swimming pool on Perlman's property that's open to all comers.

Faculty members say Seaborg is a superb leader, an adroit reconciler of divergent personalities, and a man with an analytical mind that functions calmly regardless of any excitement around him. He is likable, and well-liked.

Physically, Seaborg gives an impression of rugged strength with his solid build towering six feet three inches tall. In his office he seems mostly legs; they extend far in front of him as he relaxes, hands in pockets, in an armchair to talk to visitors. His beetling eyebrows are reminiscent of John L. Lewis, but his slender, tanned face has no trace of pugnacity. He smiles warmly, his voice is deep, and his speech thoughtful.

AS a scientist, Seaborg is deeply concerned over American education today; but it is not a new concern: he has never been a post-Sputnik crier for crash programs.

"If it is true that every man in a democracy need not be an originator of policy but must be a good judge of it," he says, "then our citizens must be well enough acquainted with the general principles of science to be good judges of policy based upon it, or at least be able to reject spurious policies founded on pseudo-science or nonscience."

SCIENCE education must start early, he believes, and offer far more at higher levels to non-specialists. Science illiteracy today is untenable. But all education must be intensified as well. Specialists are often too little exposed to humanistic culture in today's world of science, he feels. Far more support is needed for humanities faculties.

"Our university has many sources of funds to offer scientists relief from all teaching responsibilities so they can spend a period in uninterrupted creation," he points out, adding, "We should be able to afford the same opportunity for creation and research to scholars in the arts, the humanities, and the social sciences.

"We must extend our efforts to rescue lost talent among women and among minority groups. We must do more research in the development of new educational techniques, not only to get more information into people, but to sharpen each individual's critical sense."

Seaborg is convinced his own profession will be playing a larger and larger role in public affairs. He points to the great fallout debate—inconclusive as it has been up to now—and to the fact that both major political parties are seeking advice from scientists in drafting their 1960 platforms.

SCIENTISTS don't necessarily have to make the final political decisions," he says with a smile, "but at that it might be easier to let a capable scientist learn political reality than to teach a politician science. And I'm not sure it wouldn't be wise to have a few scientists in Congress. They might help, these days."

Above all, as Seaborg reflects on the world around him, he thinks of the continuum that operates in time and the unity that cuts across specialized intellects to unite all intelligence.

"There is beauty in discovery," he said in a speech not long ago. "There is mathematics in music, a kinship of science and poetry in the description of nature, and exquisite form in a molecule. Attempts to place different disciplines in different camps are revealed as artificial in the face of the unity of knowledge. All literate men are sustained by the philosopher, the historian, the political analyst, the economist, the scientist, the poet, the artist, and the musician."

DAVID PERLMAN.

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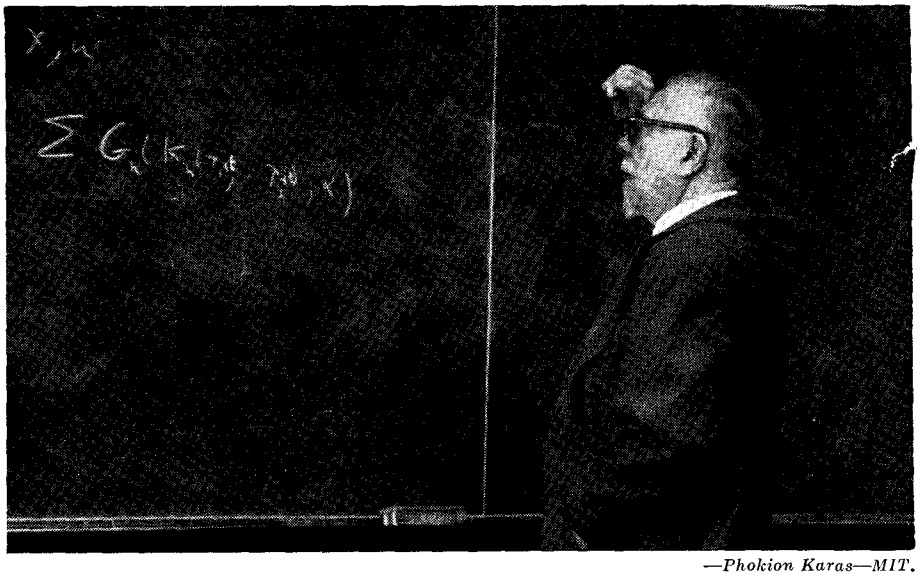
THE GRAND PRIVILEGE

A Scholar's Appreciation



—*Phokion Karas—MIT.*

Prof. Norbert Wiener, caught in the act of creative learning.

By NORBERT WIENER

I AM not interested primarily in increased financial rewards for intellectual work nor even that the names and faces of intellectuals be presented more to the public. I am very strongly interested that the function of the intellectual as well as his motivation and his responsibility be better understood by the public. In my opinion it is the lack of this awareness of motivation and responsibility which is the largest factor in that other crisis on which President Eisenhower has recently commented, and which plays a large role in the somewhat unfortunate position under which a great sector of our scientific work and the development of our scientific personnel now occupies—both absolutely and in comparison with some work done elsewhere.

My main point is that the intellectual—and I include in the class the scientist, the man of letters, and the man of arts—has a very specific function to fulfill which goes far beyond the other important functions of the citizen at large. He is the custodian of a tradition of honesty and sincerity on which the future and the honor of his country and his age depend.

In assuming this function he has accepted very considerable rewards and advantages which are quite independent of his rate of pay and even of his individual good living and personal qualities. These rewards are the privilege of participating in a grand undertaking of all humanity.

He has a position in which he is not so immediately pressed by other responsibilities that he is unable to sit back a little and take a larger view of the world about him that pulls to the general mores of the time. Thus he is to some extent free to enjoy a good life and the companionship of those motivated by the same purposes and congenial to him and to his way of thinking. In order to merit these privileges he must accept a responsibility for the priesthood of truth and intellectual honor well beyond what belongs to the citizen at large.

It is a commonplace that every profession, every function in life, involves its own peculiar responsibilities. The civilian will not be greatly censured if he runs away from a stricken battlefield. The soldier has accepted a very special responsibility for physical bravery and moral bravery as well, and above all the officer in charge of troops. I do not think that any honest man looks forward with any pleasure at the prospect not merely of dying in action but of having to face a situation in which the only honorable thing for him to do is to die in action. Nevertheless, in becoming a soldier, and especially in becoming an officer, he must accept the contemplation of this possibility.

YOU or I, not being doctors or nurses, could leave a plague-stricken city without reproach. The doctor or nurse must remain until the last moment at which his or her services have any possibility of usefulness. Whatever our legal duties are, nobody would make too much of it against us if we refused to aid in the capture of a dangerous and armed criminal. The risk of being killed in such an encounter is implicit and accepted, however, by every policeman no matter how honorable or important his status. Similarly, the fireman knowingly and willingly assumes the risk of being crushed or burned to death in the flames of a falling building. These responsibilities are of the same order as that of the early Christian in accepting death in the arena rather than undergoing the disgrace and humility of burning a pinch of incense before the gods.

The scholar and the teacher have a function to perform which is absolutely essential for the continuance of the development of our society and even for its prolonged existence. The scholar is the custodian of the intellectual development of this society, of the understanding of truths already known, and of the development of new truth, and concepts. The teacher in his turn is the guardian of the task of passing down these new truths and discoveries, as well as the truths and discoveries already known, to a new generation. The prosperity and the very existence of humanity depend on their integrity and conscientious devotion to truth.

IN accepting these responsibilities, and in accepting the rewards of their position—and these rewards, although perhaps limited from a monetary point of view, are very great and create a mode of life which is very well worth living—they accept certain duties which belong with these rewards. These duties involve a very special relation to the truth. They must not pay in false coin and lie to the public at large, and even beyond this, they must not lie to themselves. Yet, even this passive honesty is not enough. They must exert themselves at all costs to discover truths where none has been observed before, and they will not live up to this duty if they do not devote to it every effort of which they are capable.

This is a very severe responsibilit
It cannot be satisfied by merely seleco
ing for their studies those regions in which exploration is easy, nor can they protect their records of success by refusing to entertain tentative ideas which on further investigation prove to be erroneous. Indeed, the man who has

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never gone beyond his obvious capabilities and has an unbroken record of intellectual successes, without some failures to set against them, has in all probability not worked to the limit of his powers and is to be blamed rather than praised, for preferring security to the discharge of his intellectual function.

If even this limited failure in his responsibility is to be reproved, how much more are we to blame the scholar who for money or other bribes tells deliberate lies and still holds himself out to be a scholar or a teacher? Worst of all, what are we to say of the man who does this and yet speaks sententiously in the name of education or scholarship? If his other activity brings him into a situation inconsistent with his teaching and scholarly duties, or if the standing code of his other activities involve permissions or duties which are inconsistent therewith, let him cast his other activities or scholarship aside.

Yet even without an explicit lie, the combination of pseudoscholarship and showmanship which goes into our quiz programs and similar forms of commercialized scholarship is bad in itself. The type of purely attentive learning which has a market in quiz programs has nothing to do either with the creative learning of the scholar or the evocative learning of the teacher. It is perhaps true that the great public does not understand this difference and confounds the one with the other. This is a dangerous weakness on the part of the public, and pandering to it is a dangerous vice on the part of the showman-scholar.

It is for all these reasons that the tampering with the truth on the part of the man normally devoted to it is a dereliction of duty quite comparable with the dereliction of an officer who runs away from his own soldiers in the face of the enemy, or who sells the enemy the plans of fortification. Because the code of the soldier visits his dereliction with dire penalties, whereas the false scholar can walk the streets without fear of danger to his life or liberty, his betrayal is if anything the worse act of the two. At the very least, he should meet with the contempt and ignominy which are the part of the cashiered officer.

Apparently, there is a large element of our public which is not prepared to recognize this and which will excuse the treason of the false scholar by saying "he has committed no crime." Frankly, I doubt if Judas Iscariot committed any crime against the laws of the kingdom of Heaven.

MIT Prof. Norbert Wiener fathered the science of cybernetics. The above statement first appeared in The Technology Review.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE SHRINKING PATIENT IN WARD NO. 4

Growing Shorter and Skinnier, He Discovered a Cure

PATIENTS on occasion have made more than passive contributions to the scientific understanding of their cases during their sojourns in Ward 4 [the Mallinckrodt Research ward of the Massachusetts General Hospital]. None, however, has promoted more dramatically and forcefully the conduct of research than did the late Captain Charles Martell, master mariner in the United States Merchant Marine during World War I.

In 1918, on transport duty in the North Atlantic, Martell was twenty-two years old, six feet and one inch tall, and, so he believed, in fine physical condition. In November of that year, after a slip, he felt a sharp pain in his right loin that persisted for a week. Three months later he developed pains in his legs and hips which grew gradually worse and extended into his lower back. In the summer of 1919, a fellow officer noted that he was becoming shorter and getting pigeon-breasted. His neck shortened and thickened so that he had to wear a larger collar. The jars of walking, particularly of going downstairs, caused him pains in the heels, legs, and back. He also observed that he was passing, at the end of urination, what looked like white gravel.

From the end of the war on, his life became one of invalidism, repeated entry into hospitals, and the trial of many forms of treatment, none with any outstanding success. By October 1925 this time his height had shrunk to five feet six inches—a shortening of seven inches since 1918. Finally on January 15, 1926, he entered Bellevue Hospital, New York, under the care of Dr. Eugene F. Du Bois.

Du Bois was the first to make the correct diagnosis in Martell's case. He recognized that Martell had what is called von Recklinghausen's disease of the bones (described by that German doctor in 1891), a widespread disease of the skeleton characterized by loss of calcium with softening and cyst formation, and replacement of bony by fibrous tissue.

Du Bois had put together several fragments of knowledge. As far back as 1903 a tumor of the parathyroids was found in a patient with von Recklinghausen's disease, and three years later the experiments of Professor Jacob Erdheim of Vienna had connected calcium metabolism with the parathyroid glands. A year or two later, Erdheim found at the autopsy of a patient displaying the picture of von Recklinghausen's disease a tumor arising from a parathyroid gland! Thus came the suggestion that the parathyroids are concerned with the loss of calcium from the body, that tumors of the parathyroids that could produce an excess of their hormone are found in cases of this disease and that in this disease there is a loss of calcium from the skeleton that is discernible by x-rays of the bones and by finding of an excess of calcium in the urine—Martell's white gravel. Finally, there was the then recent work of Collip who had isolated from the parathyroids an active principle which increased the output of calcium in the urine, and raised the level of calcium and lowered the level of phosphorus in the blood.

Du Bois was familiar with experimental work on the action of Collip's parathyroid extract in human beings. Du Bois carried out similar studies on Martell. These disclosed a high calcium level and a low phosphorus level in the blood, and a high output of calcium in the urine.

Martell's biochemical situation was like that of a normal man being treated with parathyroid hormone. Therefore, Martell must be providing himself with an excess of this extract, and the only conceivable source for this was an overfunctioning parathyroid tumor.

ON April 23, 1926 Du Bois decided to transfer Martell to Boston for further study in Ward 4. In Ward 4, the Captain quickly fell in with its strict routine and became its most colorful occupant. Because he was a good conversationalist, many people, including me, stopped frequently to chat with him. His cheerful mien and wonderfully good adjustment to his illness were inspiring. He took a keen interest, intelligent but not in the least morbid, in the researches being made in his case. He longed to be cured, of course, but also had high hopes that the studies done on him might be helpful also to others. Most of the patients treated in Ward 4 through the years have had

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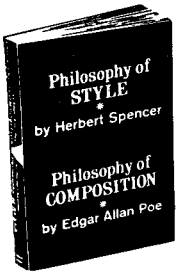

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something of this spirit, but the Captain set the first outstanding example.

The results of the investigations made on him completely confirmed Du Bois' diagnosis. An excess of calcium was found in the urine, even when Martell was on a very low calcium intake. As found at Bellevue, the calcium level in the blood serum was markedly higher than normal and the phosphorus level lower. All these findings were almost identical to those in the case of a healthy man receiving 100 units of parathormone per day.

These findings permitted no other conclusion than that a state of overactivity of the parathyroids was present and that the most likely source for such a condition would be a tumor of the glands that was making an undesirably large amount of hormone. This pattern of overacting tumors may occur in any of the glands of the endocrine system.

The job then was to find Martell's tumor. No shadow indicating its presence could be found in x-rays of his neck, nor could any mass in the usual location of the parathyroids be felt by an examining physician's fingers. Surgical exploration of Martell's neck was therefore decided upon.

On May 16, 1926, Dr. Edward P. Richardson made a careful dissection of the neck but could find no tumor. He did remove what proved to be a normal parathyroid. Not satisfied, he operated a second time in June, and again got a similarly disappointing result.

This was the state of affairs when Martell was discharged from Ward 4 in October 1926. It had been established beyond doubt that he had the skeletal changes described by von Recklinghausen, and that his metabolism of phosphorus and calcium was entirely similar to that occurring when there is an excessive supply of the secretion of the parathyroid glands. Since Martell had had two of his parathyroids out, and neither had signs of an abnormal condition, he must have a tumor. But why couldn't the surgeon find it?

MARTELL was discharged with no successful treatment in sight. He went home for a month and then was readmitted to Bellevue because the doctors there wanted to have another go at studying his case, and to try to relieve him of some of his symptoms, even if no cure could be discovered.

One line of attack was orthopedic stretching (traction) to see if this would correct completely or partially any of his deformities. By the time of his discharge from Bellevue for a second time—on April 29, 1927—he could walk easily with a cane.

During this second stay at Bellevue, studies of the possibilities of chemical therapy were also made. He was fed a high calcium diet to match the loss of calcium from his skeleton. Another surgical exploration revealed no tumor, and removal of two more parathyroid glands caused only slight changes in the levels of calcium and phosphorus in Martell's blood serum. Thus, symptomatic treatment effected some help and although no cure was found, some new facts were collected.

In 1932, the Captain was brought back from New York and re-admitted to Massachusetts General. By now he was bed-ridden. Three more operations were performed, but no tumor was found. The situation seemed desperate. The diagnosis seemed certain.

EVERYONE but the Captain was discouraged. "Keep on operating," he said. The surgeons decided the tumor must be in an unusual place. Certainly it was not in his neck; it had been explored six times. Perhaps it could be in his chest. The Captain had thought of this possibility himself. Dr. E. D. Churchill performed a sternum-splitting operation designed by the German surgeon Sauerbruch. At this seventh operation the tumor was found and removed.

The story of this particular patient unfortunately did not end happily here. The Captain stood the operation well; the bones began to improve. A month later he began to stand. Then one day a kidney stone that had formed as a by-product of the disturbance in calcium metabolism became lodged in his ureter and required surgical intervention. This was followed by a series of complications and six weeks after the removal of his tumor Martell died.

One week later, another patient with von Recklinghausen's disease was operated on. No tumor was found in the neck. The knowledge gained in the Captain's case suggested it might be in the chest. It was in the chest, was successfully removed, and the patient made a good recovery. By the close of 1932 there had been eight such tumors removed at Massachusetts General, about twenty per cent of all such cases then reported in medical literature.

The group of people involved in Martell's case numbered at least fifty—internists, general surgeons, genito-urinary surgeons, orthopedic surgeons, dentists, pathologists, chemists, dieticians, nurses. But the one largest contributor was one determined and courageous Captain Charles Martell of the merchant marine, of whom it might be said that he charted unknown seas and died that others might live.

—JAMES HOWARD MEANS,
in "Ward 4",

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—MIT.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Often in directions opposite from those we expect. For example, it has long been man's practice to stick things together by adding something else. The idea was to create molecular attraction between two surfaces. Recently a research associate in civil and sanitary engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Russian-born and British-trained Dr. Jacob J. Bikerman, has been working on a theory that goes the other way. It says adhesion is achieved not by adding anything new but rather by taking the impurities away from what you start with. When the impurities are gone, it is natural for substances to stick together. Dr. Bikerman describes some of his experiments below. The frontier they have opened is sufficiently promising to have brought him a grant of $23,600 from the National Science Foundation for further exploration.*

JACOB J. BIKERMAN
(Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

SOME branches of science burgeoned and matured in laboratories and the man in the street for many years did not know of their existence and had no influence on their growth. The knowledge of radioactivity is a good example; it was fostered by pure scientists, and even after Hiroshima and in spite of the widespread use of radioactive tracers a layman will readily talk about the political implications of nucleonics but will not attempt to form an independent opinion on its scientific aspects.

It is different with many other scientific disciplines. Thus, people suffered from, and thought about, infectious diseases long before Pasteur proved the theory of germs. In these cases, scientists quietly studying the problem were heavily outnumbered by laymen and relied on their personal experience. To achieve an advance in the understanding of phenomena familiar to everybody, the scientist has first of all to liberate his mind from common beliefs and entrenched traditions.

The science of adhesive joints belongs to the second type. Craftsmen used glue for centuries without waiting for chemistry to be born. Every observant user of cements, mucilages, and so on is free to form his special concept of their action; and if he lives in a favorable climate, this concept will find its way into print. Hence, little logical development is apparent in the published discussion of adhesion.

The first question which a student of adhesion ought to consider can be explained by again referring to the better known field of medicine. If a person is sick, is it because a cause of sickness is present or because a cause of health is absent? We now know that in infectious diseases the first alternative is true; the patient is ill because he harbors pathogenic germs. The opposite case prevails in deficiency diseases, where necessary vitamins are absent from food and illness is brought about by this absence.

To which of the classes does adhesion belong? When we cannot produce a dependable adhesive bond, are we dealing with the lack of some adhesive force or with the existence of an obstacle to sticking?

APPARENTLY the existence of two possibilities was not recognized before. Earlier observers of adhesion started from the premise that a weak adhesive joint meant insufficient force of adhesion and that intensification of this force was the only means of achieving good bonds. Now we believe that poor bonds usually are caused by the presence of foreign matter and that elimination of these nuisance ingredients is the correct way to improve adhesion.

A suitable substance for testing the two opposite points of view was found in polyethylene. Polyethylenes are produced by polymerizing [repetitively adding molecules] to a gas called ethylene (present, for instance, in the common "natural gas"). According to the conditions of polymerization, the resulting polymer may be a soft wax (utilized, for instance, in floor polish) or a rubber-like material (out of which, for instance, baby bottles are made), or something in between.

Whatever the hardness (or consistency) of commercial polyethylenes, poor adhesiveness is a property common to them. If a grain of a polyethylene is molten on a clean glass or metal plate and permitted to solidify, the resulting blob, as a rule, can be pried off with a fingernail.

IF this low adhesiveness were a consequence of the weakness of molecular forces emanating from polyethylene molecules, an improvement would be expected if we add to polyethylenes substances known to exert strong molecular forces. Such additions have been made by us and tested without success. Admixture of strong adhesives to a commercial polyethylene increased the strength of the material we found, but did not make it "stickier."

We have been able to prepare "adhesionable" polyethylenes, however, by removing components of the commercial polyethylenes which could form a weak boundary layer. Some of these components originate during the polymerization process while the others are deliberately introduced to facilitate handling, retard deterioration, and so on. After these were gone, the purified polyethylenes could not be mechanically separated from solid plates (made of different glasses or metals) on which they were molten.

When we assembled adhesive joints (or, as we call them, adhints) by placing a thin film of purified polyethylene between two pieces of, say, aluminum and then broke these adhints, there was always a detectable amount of polyethylene on each aluminum surface; thus rupture always took place in the bulk of the polyethylene, never between the polyethylene and the aluminum. The force required to break such joints was twenty times as great as the force needed to rupture adhints in which we used a commercial polyethylene.

Thus, our new theory of adhesion is so far confirmed. We hope to strengthen the proof by two additional series of experiments. Firstly, we intend to put the constituents removed by our purification back into "adhesionable" polyethylene; if our views are correct, the substance will lose its adhesive properties. Secondly, we hope to prepare adhesive joints in which a noble gas acts as an adhesive. Noble gases are the least active substances known to chemistry; if they can adhere, it is clear that no specific forces are needed for adhesiveness.

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Wayward Words

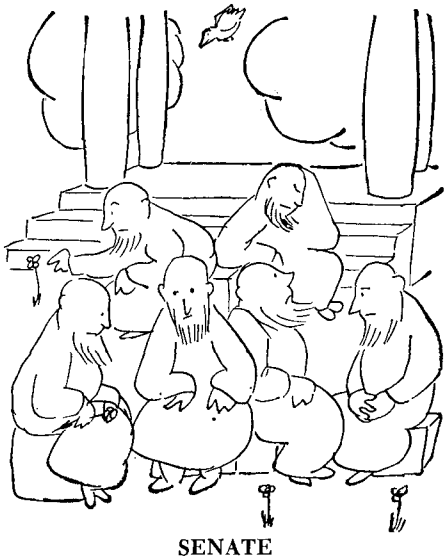
Continued from page 14

of the mass of an electron or the mass of a planet, there is not even the slightest implication of size or any other property.

There is involved here a sort of literary exclusion principle, similar to the exclusion principle in quantum theory. You will recall that in modern physics, if you insist on knowing more and more accurately *where* an electron or photon is located, you are condemned to have less and less knowledge of *how it is moving*, and if you demand more and more precise knowledge of how it is moving, then you have to be content with less and less definite knowledge of where it is. In the case of the literary exclusion principle you have in a similar way to make your choice between knowing where a word *is*, and where it is *going*—that is, you have to choose between precision and richness, for you cannot have both at once.

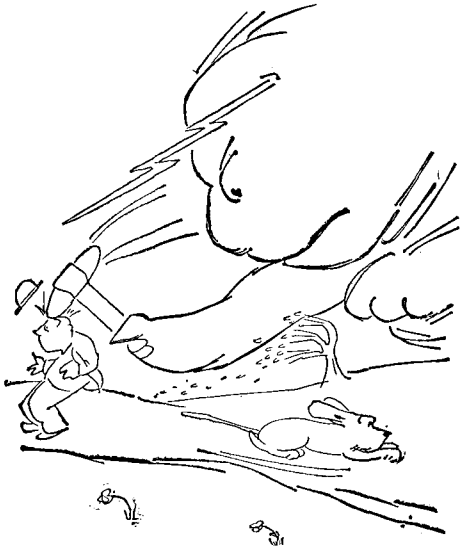
Closely connected with this question is the matter of *specificity* in words. German distinguishes between the kind of knowing that arises through cognizance (*kennen*) and the kind of knowing that arises through understanding (*wissen*). So does French (*connaitre, savoir*). But in our language we limp along with one word—to know. Similarly, we say that air leaks out of a tire, and that water leaks into a basement; but French, Spanish, and Italian have separate verbs for leaking out of and leaking into. Portuguese has one word for the 90-degree interior corner of a room, and another one for the 270-degree exterior corner where two streets meet.

When an object is of overwhelming concern to a culture, then a whole array of special words is developed. Spectacular examples, the social anthropologists and linguistics experts tell us, are furnished by the Eskimo language, which has some dozen different words for snow in all of its special states and manifestations; by the language of the Trobrianders, who have over 100 words for yams; and by Arabic, which has over 6,000 words for camels, for the parts of a camel, and for camel equipment.



SENATE

Specificity can be carried to an extreme form when, as Nancy Mitford would say, it is very "U" to do so. Thus gentlemen hunters used to disdain the generic word *tail* and speak of the *brush* of a fox, the *single* of a deer, the *rudder* of an otter, and the *stern* of a foxhound. In medieval days, they really went to town on special nouns for group designations. A *gaggle* of geese, a *plump* of ducks, a *barren* of mules, a *wing* of plovers, a *busyness* of ferrets, a *tittering* of magpies, a *shrewdness* of apes—these are truly descriptive. A



ASTONISH

murmuration of starlings, a *watch* of nightingales, an *exalting* of larks—these are really beautiful.

As one final example of medieval speciality in words, let us note that in the leisure and precision of those days one did not just *carve* any bird that might be on the platter—he *dismembered* a hen, *lifted* a swan, *reared* a goose, *thighed* a woodcock, *allayed* a pheasant, and *winged* a partridge.

Speciality is sometimes achieved through the use of diminutives. I understand that the Russian language is especially rich in diminutives. Starting out with the basic word *man*, you can, simply by using prefixes or suffixes, speak of a little man, a nice little man, a nice little bearded man, a nice little peasant with a beard, and countless other variations.

The meanings of words change in time through usage—or, more accurately, through misusage, since accurate usage would of course always stabilize the status quo. Some observers of this phenomenon, such as Dr. Bergen Evans, are very tolerant of the process of change. Language is a living thing, they say, and if enough people make a mistake it ceases to be a mistake. Others, like John Mason Brown, think that change through misusage tends to degrade the language.

RIVAL

I do not at all object to the kind of innovation that poets sometimes indulge in: and in fact I think we should honor E. E. Cummings when, in one of his poems of Spring, he invents the two words *mud-luscious* and *puddle-wonderful*. But in ordinary speech I favor a high degree of stability in the use of words—partly as a matter of taste, and partly for the serious reason that only when we guard the meanings of words can we communicate reliably. Just consider the tragic confusion with which such words as *democracy*, *freedom*, and *liberty* are used by Americans and by Russians. It was indeed prophetic when Confucius said, "When words lose their meaning, the people will lose their liberty."

Words, then, are fascinating, wondrous things. But they can also cause endless trouble. For, as we have seen, they can be slippery, shifting creatures, constantly plaguing us by refusing to stand still, by assuming new meanings, and by declining to carry our messages as docile, dutiful servants should. How can we escape this difficulty? How can we make words do the precise job we want them to do?

The answer is simple, and it lies in another word. That word is *signify*. When we know exactly what a word signifies, when it is firmly linked to reality, then meaning becomes clear and unambiguous.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1354

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

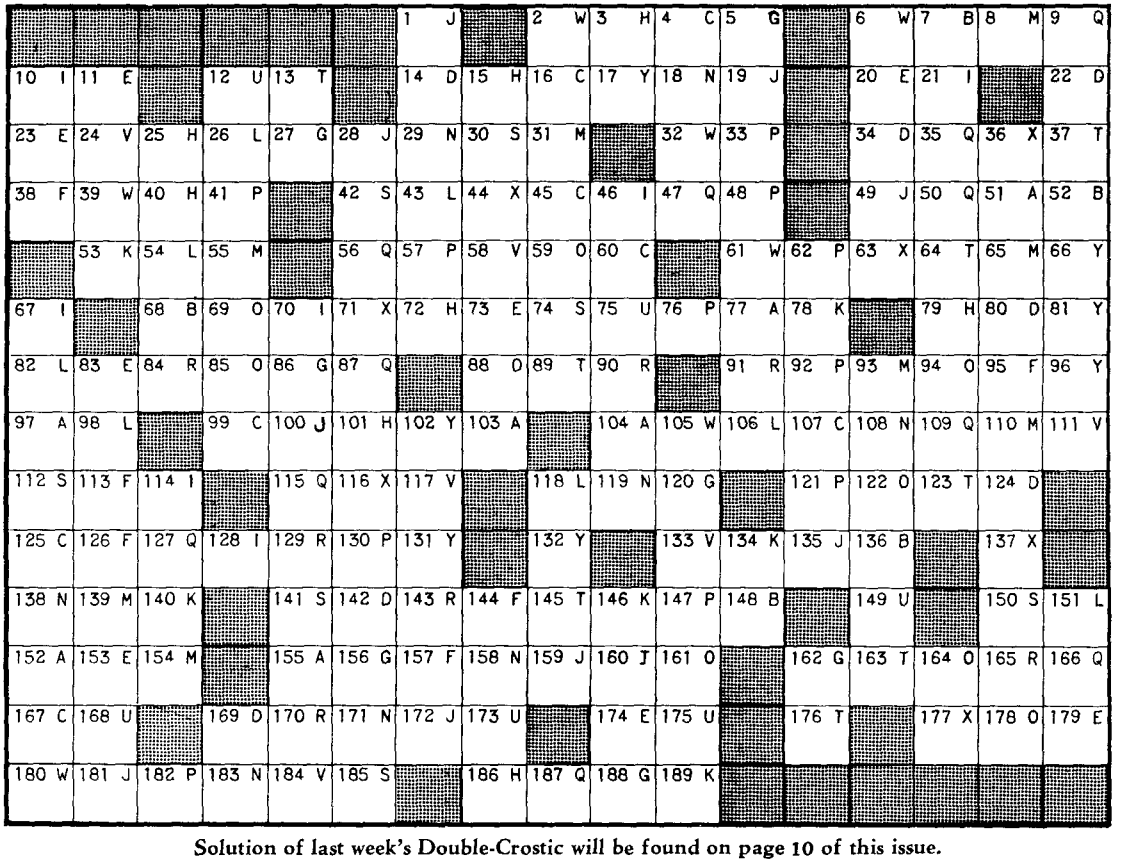
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the things others did but not the two students in their "life unfulfilled" (Browning's "Youth and Art").	155 97 152 103 51 77 104
B. In any degree; to any extent.	7 68 148 52 136
C. Gentle and pious fictional character which stirred much violent feeling a hundred years ago (2 wds.).	16 45 107 167 125 60 4 99
D. Legendary British Queen, contemporary with Nero, against whose rule she rebelled.	169 80 88 34 22 14 124 142
E. In the first place.	20 83 179 11 174 23 153 73
F. Obtained by seeing.	113 144 95 126 157 38
G. Took shelter; lay close and snug.	188 120 27 86 162 156 5
H. One unusually devoted to reading and studying.	40 15 25 101 186 3 72 79
I. State of being unmatched, or peculiar.	46 67 70 114 10 128 21
J. Cause to pass pleasantly (2 wds.).	49 159 28 135 19 1 172 100 181
K. Aftermath, dial.	134 78 189 146 140 53
L. Discontented; continually agitated.	151 82 98 118 43 54 106 26

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Belonging to the celestial regions.	93 65 110 31 55 8 139 154
N. Amer. architect of M.I.T. buildings, Cambridge, home of John D. Rockefeller, etc. (1869—).	29 171 18 138 183 108 158 119
O. Discoverer of X-rays, 65 years ago.	161 122 178 69 94 164 59 85
P. Employ more skillful manipulations.	33 57 76 121 48 147 41 62 130 92 182
Q. Greedy.	115 9 56 127 109 87 187 166 50 47 35
R. A lively pleasure.	90 84 170 129 91 165 143
S. Pensively yearning with little expectation of gratification.	141 112 185 74 150 42 30
T. Satan.	176 123 37 145 13 163 160 89 64
U. One of the five French settlements in India peacefully ceded to the republic, 1953-4.	168 149 173 75 12 175
V. A bettering in condition, esp. mentally or emotionally.	184 24 117 58 133 111
W. Enjoying the power of vision.	61 39 2 180 32 105 6
X. Somewhat large.	36 137 177 44 63 116 71
Y. Extravagant or fanciful product of the mind.	96 131 81 66 17 132 102

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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